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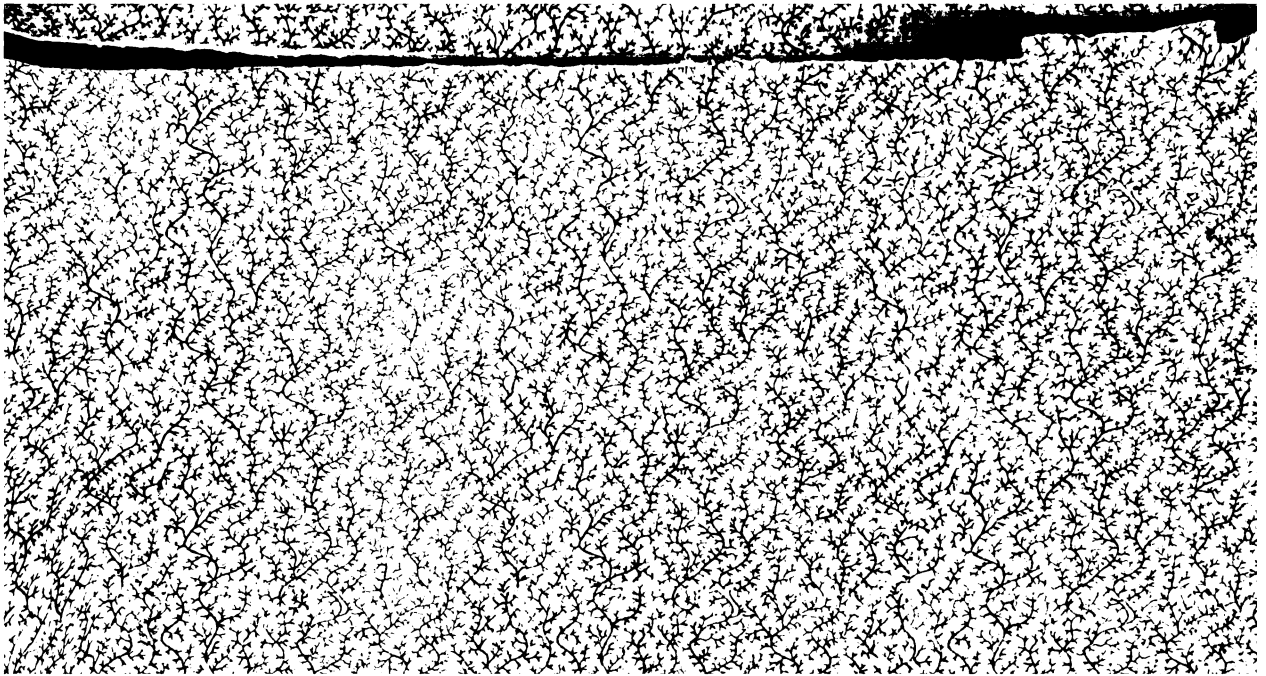
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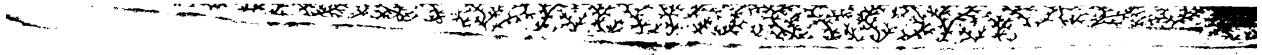
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SONGS,

Comic and Satyrical.

(Shepard)
NCL

SONGS,

Comic and Satyrical.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

I LOVE FUN!---KEEP IT UP!

Lecture upon Heads.



LIBRARY

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THE

HISTORY OF CHOICE SPIRITS,

AND

Ballad Singing.

JUBAL, or TUBAL CAIN, was the first composer of Tunes; his Lyre preceded *Orion's*, *Amphion's*, and even the *Harp* of *Orpheus.*

ORION, when making his voyage upon the Dolphin's back, invented *Water Music.*

AMPHION introduced *Cotillons* as well as *Country Dancing.*

ORPHEUS, to please his *Eurydice*, exhibited the first *Harmonic Meeting.*

And on the mountain *Gibello*, CIRCE held her first Court for COMUS. The

Magazines of the Ancients, those most useful repositories of ready-made erudition tell us, that BACCHUS instituted a Club at this very period, called the *Baccæ* or *Bacchantes*, and which are now called the BUCKS; as it appears, not only by *Nimrod's* ancient Charter deposited in the Archives of the *Babylonian* Lodge in the environs of *Soho*, but also by the authenticated Records belonging to the *Pewter Platter* in *Bishopsgate-precinct.*

And to these two Bodies of that Noble and Ancient Order, the following Engraving of the famous GOBLET, or CUP used by the GRAND BUCK at *Rome*, when he celebrated the *Secular Games*, is here addressed, with its original Inscription, and a Translation, for the mutual entertainment of those distinct Classes of *Critics*, the LEARNED and UNLEARNED, who alternately take the lead in all Conversations.

POCULUM POCULORUM;

OR THE CUP OF CUPS.



BENÈ VOBIS,
BENE MIHI,
BENE AMICÆ MEÆ,
BENÈ OMNIBUS NOBIS;
BENE CUI NON INVIDET MIHI,
ET EO CUI NOSTRO GAUDEO GAUDET.

THUS TRANSLATED:

HERE'S TO THEE,
HERE'S TO ME,
ON OUR ABSENT FRIENDS WE'LL THINK,
TO OUR NOBLE SELVES WE'LL DRINK;
THEN TO HIM, FROM ENVY FREE,
WHO LOVES FUN LIKE YOU AND ME.

The reason for introducing this *Antique* unto the Reader's acquaintance is, according to the modern custom of Book-making, to shew the *Author's Erudition*; which is still farther displayed in the following account of *Choice Spirits*.

After *Circe's* elopement with *Ulysses*, they became wanderers upon the Face of the Earth, and like *Jews*, and *Strolling-players*, continue *Itinerants* even unto this day; they have nevertheless multiplied exceedingly, propagating their Convivialities into the different *Orders* of *Grigs*, *Gregs*, and *Gregorians*;—*Anti-gallicans*, *Free Masons*, and *Macaroni*; —*Sons* of *Sound Sense* and *Satisfaction*; —*Sons* of *Kit*, and *Old Souls*;—*True Blues*, *Purples*, and *Albions*;—The *Beef Steak*, *Jockey*, and *Catch Clubs*;—The

Magdalens, and *Lumber Troop*, with many Others; all which acknowledge the Affinity they bear to their paternal Society, by celebrating their Evening Mysteries with a *Song* and a *Sentiment*.

The *Choice Spirits* have ever been famous for their Talents as Musical Artists. They usually met at the harvest-homes of Grape-gathering: There exhilarated by the pressings of the Vintage, they were wont to sing Songs, tell Stories, and shew Tricks, from their first emerging, until their Perihelion under the Presidentship of Mr. *George Alexander Stevens, Ballad-Laureat* to the Society of *Choice Spirits*, and who appeared at Ranelagh in the Character of *Comus*, supported by those Droles of merry Memory.

Unparalleled were their performances, as *first Fists* upon the *Salt-Box*, and inimitable the variations they would twang upon the *forte* and *piano Jews Harp*. Excellent was *Howard* in the *Chin Concerto*; whose Nose also supplied the melodious Tones of the *Bagpipe*.——Upon the *Sticcado Matt. Skeggs* remains still unrivalled.—And we cannot now boast of one real Genius upon the genuine *Hurdy Gurdy*.

Alas! these Stars are all extinguished; and the remains of ancient British Harmony is now confined to the manly Music of *Marrow-Bones* and *Cleavers*.

Every thing must sink into Oblivion; "*Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.*"—*Ranelagh* may be metamorpho-

sed into a *Methodist's Meeting-House!* *Vaux-Hall* cut into *Skittle-Alleys!* the two Theatres converted into *Auction-Rooms*; and the *New Pantheon* become the stately Habitation of some Jew Pawn-Broker:—Nay, the *Sons* of *Liberty* themselves *

Cætera desunt

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Already mark;—Sir Cynic scowls,
Rage wrinkling on his brow;
To see, O shame! two am'rous Owls,
Instinctive on yon Bough.

With outspread hands, and upcast eyes,
As Bigots tell their stories,
Th' o'er-zealous Commentator cries,
O Tempora! O Mores!

But why should Critics carp at Songs?
Or Classic Scales apply?
To them alone this freight belongs,
Who'd rather laugh than cry.

For neither Pedant nor for Prude,
These Sonnets took their birth;
But are dish'd up, as pleasant Food,
For Sons of Social Mirth.



SONGS,
Comic and Satirical.

SILENUS AND CUPID.

Tune—*Derry Down.*

CUPID sent on a message one evening by *Venus*,
As ill-luck wou'd have it, was met by *Silenus*;
The big-belly'd Sot ask'd the Urchin to play,
And the silly lad gam'd all Love's weapons away.
Derry down, &c.

His Bow from the Bubble, the old Gambler drew,
And into a crutch-headed Stick turn'd the Yew:
The String was tough Catgut, *Si.* swore it was well,
A strong line he wanted, to ring his Bar Bell.

Love's Arrows were Cane, he divided the joints,
Pipe-stoppers the ends made, and Pick-teeth the points.
The Feathers to brush down his tables were clever;
And to a Tobacco-pouch turn'd the boy's Quiver.

For pipe-lighting Matches he chose Billet-deux,
And away, at each puff, went a Sonneteer's Vows,
His Tinder was drawn from the brains of the Jealous;
And long-bottled Sighs he preserv'd for his Bellows.

Hermes took the lad home, told the story to *Venus*,
She dash'd down her tea-cup, and flew to *Silenus*:
Then threaten'd her Captain shou'd kick the old Clown,
But he laugh'd, and he smoak'd, and he sung *derry down.*

She squeez'd his hard hand, and his filthy beard strok'd,
Nay kiss'd him, tho' with his tobacco-fumes choak'd;
Then begg'd the boy's Arms, but *Si*, swore with a frown,
He'd be damn'd if he gave them for her *Derry down.*

She whipt her doves back, vastly piqued you may guess,
In Synod Celestial demanded Redress;
Jove laugh'd at the jest, and he vow'd, by his Crown.
When Spouse rail'd hereafter he'd sing—*Derry down.*

MORAL.

Ye Husbands, too fond, who are Feminine-fool'd,
And tamely, by Petticoat Government rul'd,
Resist your Wives Railings, their shrill trebles drown,
By smoaking, and singing of—Down, derry down.
Derry down, &c.

THE DIVORCE.

TUNE.

"Old women we are, and as wise in the chair."

NO more let defections of Wedlock be blam'd,
To be sure of grave Cato you've heard;
In morals more strict not a man cou'd be nam'd,
Yet his Wife to a friend he transferr'd.

In Rome they encourag'd no Trials *crim. con.*
In France, Cuckold-making's a Jest;
And, I trust, in few years, by the help of *bon ton*,
We shall be as polite as the best.

'Tis *vastly immense!* and *most horridly low!*
When a Month after Marriage is past,
That the Husband shou'd be such a *Fright* not to know
His Lady's affections can't last.

For, broken in Fortune, and ruin'd in Health,
To patch up both Person and Purse,
His Honour addresses some Citizen's Wealth,
And the Daughter accepts, as his Nurse.

Too oft, for the sake of a Title impure,
Doom'd Beauty is forc'd from her vows,
To unite with a *Blank*, for upon the Grand Tour
Foreign Vice has disabled the Spouse.

In defence of the Fair, Satire openly stands,
And forbids the vague Spendthrifts to roam;
Wives have too much stock lying dead on their hands
When Husbands are Bankrupts at home.

Censure no married dame, as the trade's so decreas'd,
Heavy Interest, Principal clogs ;
When Ladies have furnish'd an exquisite feast,
Must their dainties be thrown to the dogs ?

Then *Divorce*, but we laugh at such frivolous things,
Having here no intention to part :—
We are wed to our Wine ; Wine regen'rates the springs
Of that self-moving muscle the Heart.

Though to Wine we are wed, yet we do not think fit
To be tied down for *better* for *worse*,
If our landlord *Adultery* dares to commit,
At once we demand a *Divorce*.

But at present I hope, with an Englishman's ease,
We enjoy both our Wine and our Wives ;
By Liberty bless'd, with the pleasure to please,
May we live all the days of our lives.

THE WORMS.

TUNE.

"When Strephon to Chloe made love his pretence."

KEEP your distance, quoth King, who in lead coffin lay,
As beside him they lower'd a shrowdless old Clay ;
The Mendicant Carcase replied, with a sneer,
" Mister Monarch be still, we are all equal here.

" Life's miseries long I was forc'd to abide,
" By the Seasons sore pelted, sore pelted by pride :
" And tho' clad in ermine, yet you've been distrest,
" Both our cares now are over,—so let us both rest."

A committee of worms, Manor Lords of the Grave,
Overheard 'em and wonder'd to here the Dead rave.
Quoth the Chairman, *Dare mortals presume thus to prate,*
When even we Maggots don't think ourselves great?

"Insane ostentations, who brag of their births,
"Yet are but Machines, mix'd of aggregate earths.
"They distinctions demand, with distinctions they meet
"When we throw by the rich folks, as not fit to eat.

"They are scurvy compounds of *Debauch* and *Disease*
"Putrefactions of Sloth, or Vice run to the Lees,
"By Luxury's pestilence Health is laid waste;
"And all they can boast is,—*They're poison'd in Taste.*

"'Tis true, cries *Crawlina*, the Queen of the Worms
"They make upon earth immense noise with their forms,
"*Pononner*, with Beauties tho' so much I deal,
"On not one in ten can I make a good meal.

"When we chose to regale, on the dainties of charms
"We formerly fed on necks, faces, and arms;
"Now Varnish envenoms their tainted complexions,
"A fine woman's features spread fatal infections.

"Not a Worm of good taste, and *bon ton*, I dare vouch,
"A morsel of fashion-made Beauties will touch.
"A Quality Toast we imported last week,—
"Two Maggots, my servants, dy'd eating her cheek."

Very odd, quoth a Critic, *Worms hold such discourse.*
Very odd, quoth the Author, that Men shou'd talk worse.
Like Reptiles, we crawl upon earth for a term,
Take wing for a while,—then descend to a Worm.

Dan Pope declares all Human Race to be *Worms*;
Maids, Misses, Wives, Widows, all Maggotty forms.
But of Worms, and worm-feeding, no more we'll
repeat,
Here's a glass, *To the Dainty that's made for Man's*
meat.

THE RACE.

TUNE.

"As Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window."

AS the Farmer went over his corn ripen'd land,
And counted encrease of his grain,
Scarlet poppies he saw down the long furrows stand,
Like soldiers, in lines on the plain.
Quoth he, though in Learning I am not well skill'd,
In mem'ry this maxim I'll keep,
Those weeds among wheat, shew when belly is fill'd
We have nothing to do but to sleep.

Each scene of creation that opes to our view,
Affords contemplation a theme,
As blossoms enamell'd by drops of bright dew,
With di'monds so Court-beauties beam.
See grape to grape swelling, transparent on vine,
That fruit is an emblem of bliss;
Balmly lip to lip Lovers as lusciously join,
And the nectar enjoy of a Kiss.

While Britons, like Britons, dare English Taste own,
Success on our strength could depend
We now, by importing enervate *Bon Ton*,
To impotent Idlers descend.

We wed without Love, we attempt without Powers,
And strengthless, and senseless, in swarms,
Insipid as butterflies, basking on flowers,
The fribbles fill fine women's arms.

If *Bacchus* and *Ceres* were drove from Love's court,
Desire must frozen depart!
Roast Beef *quantum suff.* and take *tantum* Red Port,
They steel the Main-spring of the Heart.
Cou'd we Venus consult, why indeed so we may,
Since each circle a Venus supplies,
I'll back my opinion, those beauties will say
A *Milksop*'s the *thing* we despise.

The *Elixir of Love* in our full bottles view,
For Beauty's sake Bumpers embrace;
While kept in this Training we can't but *come through*,
For Give-and-Take Plates in *Love's Race.*
Success to that *Meeting*, where each against each,
Well mounted, push forward to win,
For third, fourth, or fifth heats, they rallying stretch,
And, neck to neck, nimbly come in.

THE PICTURE.

TUNE.

"Fine Songsters too often apologies make."

WISHING well to good folks, both on this and that,
By my own fire-side, with my Lass,
Not yawning, nor mute, but in spiritful chat,
To *Old England* I took off my glass.

The next to my *King*; and the third was a Joke,
Of all places I toasted *The Best*;
She seem'd not to hear, but her cheeks blushes spoke
The Wanton my *Sentiment* guess'd.

Her bosom I press'd, to my lips it arose,
The crimson still flushing her face;
With love-lisping laugh, she replied, "I suppose
"You presume I can guess at the place."

I answer'd, but first for my Fee took a Kiss,
"Where the Temple of Love we attend,
"Beauty's columns begin at the Fountain of Bliss;
"In tapering outlines they end.

"On the top, at the Arch of Enjoyment unite,
"Curl'd tendrils the Pediment grace;
"For Cupid's Pantheon, the Shaft of Delight
"Must spring from the Masculine Base.

"If the Lady of this perfect Mansion you'll see,"
As I spoke, gave my hand to the Lass,
"Oh, by all means" she said;—"then my dear come
So I led my Girl up to the glass. [with me;"

Off she turn'd, with a pshah! yet no anger exprest,
Good-breeding scorns Prudery's skreen;
'Mong our dinner-time toasts, when we drink *to the Best*
We only *most excellent* mean.

Remember, my Bucks, when you're aiming at Jokes
Be sure make the most of a Jest;
Not like the assembly of impotent folks,
Who prove themselves, —*bad* at the *best*.

Our Youths in their waists are now scarcely a span;
An insensible, expletive crew;
When Loveliness weds one, in hopes of a Man,
'Tis the worst thing a Lady can do.

Here's to Beauty a Toast, sir, but not Face alone,
Lower yet lies the Circle of Grace;
Beneath, where in centre Love buckles her Zone,
The Point of Attraction we place.

Let our Bottles, like globes, have elliptical sweep;
Geometrists mind what I say,
May beautiful Parallels distances keep,
To give Perpendiculars way.

ORIGIN OF FACTION.

TUNE.

"I am, quoth Apollo, when Daphne," &c.

IN hist'ries of Heathens, by which Tutors train us,
The salt-water Sov'reign is call'd OCEANUS;
His spouse was deliver'd, by man-midwife Triton,
Of this sea girt island, his fav'rite Britain.

The Naiads were Nurses; old Trident declar'd,
To embellish his offspring no pains shou'd be spar'd:
By flying fish drawn, to Olympus he drove,
And petition'd the Gods, that his suit they'd approve

Quoth Jupiter, I'll make it *King* of the *Sea*:
Avast! reply'd Neptune, pray leave that to me:
I'll guard it with shoals, and I'll make their lads *Seamen*.
Strong Hercules hollow'd out, I'll make 'em *Freemen*.

And what will you make, Venus whisper'd to Mars?
Why I'll make all Soldiers, that *Nep.* don't make Tars.
Momus smil'd, as that droll always merrily means;
He begg'd they'd go partners, and make 'em *Marines*.

Quoth Saturn, much time I'll allow 'em for thinking;
Buck Bacchus reply'd, no, allow it for drinking:
But Mercury answer'd, a fig for your Wine,
The art of Time-killing by Card-playing's mine.

By Styx, quoth Apollo, but Hermes you're bit;
'Gainst Gaming I'll send 'em an antidote,—Wit:
In England, laugh'd Momus, Wit no one regards,
Save that sort of Wit that's in—Playing your Cards.

Well, well, replies Phœbus, I'll mend their conditions,
I'll teach 'em to fiddle, and send them Physicians.
'Mong Fidlers, quoth Momus, *true Harmony's* scarce;
And as to your Doctorship,—*Physic's a Farce.*

Says Venus, I'll people this island with Beauties,
And tempt Married-Men to be true to their duties.—
You to Married-Men's duty a friend! bawl'd out Juno,
You're a strumpet, you slut, and that I know and you know.

Then turning to Jove, who look'd pale, she began,—
I'll spoil your Olympical gift-giving plan:
Herself not consulted, she vow'd she wou'd wrong us,
Blew a Scold from her mouth, and sent *Party* among us.

God Bacchus, to counterpoise Juno's rash action,
Commanded Silenus to seize upon *Faction*;
Swift flitted the Fiend, the old Toper outsped,
Whilst Semele's son sent a Flask at his head.

The Imp, by the blow, speechless fell to the ground;
May Wine thus for ever foul *Faction* confound:
Unanimity! that, that's the Toast of our Hearts,
Though no Party-men here, *Here's to all Men of Parts.*



NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

TUNE.
"Moggy Lauder."

NOW we're free from College Rules,
From Common-place-book reason,
From trifling syllogistic Schools,
And Systems out of Season;
Never more we'll have defin'd,
If Matter thinks or thinks not;
All the matter we shall mind,
Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphys'c'ly to trace,
The Mind, or Soul abstracted;
Or prove Infinity of Space,
By cause on cause affected;
Better Souls we can't become
By immaterial thinking;
And as to Space, we want no room,
But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
Are learned words, and rare too,—
Those terms our Tutors may discuss,
And those who please may hear too.
A Plenum in our Wine we show,
With Plus, and Plus behind, sir,
And when our Cash is minus, low,
A Vacuum soon we find, sir.

Corpernicus, that learned sage,
Dane *Tycho*'s error proving,
Declares in—I can't tell what page—
The Earth round Sol is moving.
But which goes round, what's that to us?
Each is, perhaps a notion;
With Earth, and Sun, we make no fuss,
But mind the Bottle's motion.

Great *Galileo* ill was us'd
By Superstition's fury;
Antipodeans were abus'd
By ignoramus jury;
But, feet to feet, we dare attest,
Nor fear a treatment scurvy;
For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
We're tumbling, topsy-turvy.

Newton talk'd of Lights and Shades,
And different Colours knew, sir:
Don't let us disturb our heads,—
We will but study two, sir.—
White and *Red* our glasses boast,
Reflection, and Refraction;
After him we name our Toast,—
"*The Center of Attraction.*"

On that Thesis we'll declaim,
With *stratum, super stratum;*
There's mighty magic in the name,
'Tis Nature's Postulatum.
Wine, in nature's next to love;
Then wisely let us blend 'em;
First tho', physically prove,
That *Nunc, nunc est bibendum.*

ENGLISH LITANY.

TUNE.

"When I entered my Teens, and threw play-things aside."

TO a Stage-Coach we aptly may liken this Nation,
Where Passengers seldom are pleas'd with their station;
But wrangling, and jangling, and jostling, and jumbling
The Inside-folks grin, and the Outsides are grumbling.
The Ins they are in, and the Outs they are out;
To be in is the Riddle, which makes all this rout.
The Outs call the Ministry infamous elves;
And the Ins, when they're out, say the same things themselves.

It is cunning Credulity ever enslaves;
The world is a Hot-bed, to raise Fools and Knaves:
They pull this and that way, sometimes pull together;
But Common-sense scorns to go partners with either.

My *Country*, my *Freedom* and oh, my *Religion!*
These tickle the ear, faith, like *Mahomet*'s pigion:
'Tis the time's cant, the farce, the finesse of all ages,
For what the best actors of, get the best wages.

Oh my Country? but hold, sir; on which side the *Tweed?*
Wa worth tul yaur words, if ye dinna tak hede.
We give praise to one side, the other abuse,
Can the unborn their place of nativity chuse?

Off Prejudice, off, to Oblivion's cave;
We boast we are Britons, as Britons behave:
Can this, or that side of a stream alter nature?
No,—wash those reflections away in the water.

Get, get, is the cry now, and get all ye can;
If ye can get, get honestly; get, though's the plan.
Get *one thing*, and ev'ry thing else you'll obtain:
For Honours are now humble servants to Gain.

The African Slave-dealers some may think base;
But what must they think—if at home 'tis the case?
The *Guinea trade*, here keeps a market, 'tis certain;
And *Yes* and *No* bought and sold, more's the misfortune.

When a Beauty's enjoy'd by a Man of the Town,
What he doted last week on, this week he'll disown.
The self-sellers thus, become those people's scoff,
Who first turn them Prostitutes, then turn them off.

May all be turn'd off, who those dealings befriended,
Where honester folks have been sometimes suspended;
May they die as they liv'd, by all good men abhorr'd,
WE BRITONS BESEECH THE TO HEAR US GOOD LORD.

THE MARINE MEDLEY.

FIRST TUNE.
"Come and listen to my ditty."

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Mess-mates heave a hand with me,
Lend a Brother Sailor Chorus,
While he sings our Lives at Sea;
O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,
Toss'd aloft, or tumbled low,
As to fear, 'tis all a notion,
When our Time's come, we must go.

TUNE—"LIFE IS CHEQUER'D.

Hark the boatswain hoarsely bawling
By topsail sheets and haul-yards stand,
Down top-gallants, down be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand;
Now set the braces,
Don't make wry faces,
But the lee top-sail sheets let go,
Starboard here,
Larboard there,
Turn your quid,
Take a swear,
Yo! yo! yo!

FIRST TUNE AGAIN.

Oh, ye Landmen, idly lying
All along-side Beauty's Charms,
Safe in soft beds, seas defying,
Free from all but Love's alarms.
While on billows, billows rolling,
Death appears in every form,
On no Ladys Lap we're lolling,
No kind Kiss can calm the Storm.

But loud peals, on peals are clashing,
Through rift rocks, the shrill wind shrieks;
In our eyes fierce lightning flashing,
Scorch the sails, and stench the decks.
Bursting clouds upon us pouring,
Black o'erspread the face of day,
Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,
Fiery flies the sparkling spray.

High, the tossing Tempest heaves us,
Tow'rds the Pole aloft we go,
While the clouds seem to receive us,
Dreadful yawns the gulph below.
In that dark deep, down, down, down, down,
Down we sink from sight of sky,
By the swell, as instant up thrown,
Hark! what means yon dismal cry!

The fore-mast's gone, yells some sad tongue out
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lannyard's cut in pieces,—
Come my Hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak encreases—
Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing,
Warring waves around us foam,
For the worst, while we're preparing,
Nature sinks, and sighs for Home.
There, our babes, perhaps are saying,
In their little lisping strain,
As round mother's knees they're playing,
"Daddy soon will come again."

TUNE—"EARLY ONE MORN A JOLLY YOUNG TAR.

If we must die, why die we must,
'Tis a birth in which all must belay mun.
When our debt's due, for Death won't trust,
Then all hands be ready to pay mun.
As to Life's striking its Flag, never fear,
Our Cruise is out, that's all my brother,
In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no near,
So let's ship ourselves now for another.

TUNE THE FIRST AGAIN.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
To the pumps come ev'ry hand.
See her mizen mast is going
On the lee beam lies the land.
Rising rocks appear before us,
Hopeless, yet for help we call,
Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,
To the Storm's fell power we fall.

Now Dismay, with aspect horrid,
Swells each sleepless eye with tears;
And Despair, with bristly forehead,
On each bloodless face appears.
Sadly still we wait the Wave!——
Th' o'erwhelming Wave rolls mountain high;
The swell comes on, our sea-green grave,——
Hark, what means yon happy cry!

The Leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up and rig a jury Fore-Mast,
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.
Now, my Hearts, we're safe from sinking,
We'll again lead Sailors' lives;
Come, the Cann boys—let's be drinking
To our Sweethearts, and our Wives.



THE NABOB.

TUNE.

"Ye Lovelies who never inconstancy knew."

YE makers of Nabobs who millions amass,
Eclipsing Nobility's train;
In pride of profusion your Pageantries pass,
To your Worships a word,—*don't be vain.*
Tho' Spoils of the East, you exultingly view,
Not a Reptile that crawls but is richer than you.

Your sideboards may bend with superfluous weight,
Your breasts the slant Ribbon may bind,
You homage receive from the Paupers of State,
Weigh these 'gainst the Wealth of the Mind.
An Instinct unerring all animals boast;
Lord-Man he has Reason, and so my Lord's lost.

Can we wanton on waves in the deep troubled storm?
Can the Board of Works, Beaver-like build?
Can ye Artists contend with a transmigrate Worm?
Or Spider-like sail through the field?
Contempt must attend on Ambition's odd grasp,
Who catches at Crowns, when he shrinks from a Wasp.

O'er Passion can Beauty a conquest atchieve?
Cou'd Sampson an Ague engage?
What Science can teach us the Art not to grieve?
What Bribe is to buy off old Age?
What Opium can lull the Alarms of the Mind?
That something so wakeful, which wakens mankind.

In pompous down beds Guilt may labour to rest;
Back, Conscience the curtain will draw,
To exhibit such spectres as harrow the Breast,
While Memory sharpens her saw:
Humanity sighs at the sufferer's pains;
But Justice proclaim'd, *Thus I balance their Gains.*

Let us, as we ought, bid defiance to Knaves,
And Briton-like speak as we think.
Disgrace to the crew of Venality's slaves;
To honest men—Happiness drink.
Here's to Liberty, Lads, without Flattery or Fear,
And I hope I am pledg'd from the Heart by all here.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

TO ITS OWN TUNE.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest;
Homer says the Celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd 'fore Chaos was fix'd into form,
While Nature disorderly lay;
While elements adverse engender'd the storm,
And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the Humourist droll'd,
So none cou'd his jokes disapprove;
He sung, repartee'd, and some odd stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove:

Sire,—Mark how yon Matter is heaving below,
Were it settled 'twou'd please all your Court;
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know;
Pray people it, just for our sport,

Jove nodded assent, all Olympus bow'd down,
At his Fiat creation took birth;
The cloud-keeping Deity smil'd on his throne,
Then announc'd the production was Earth.

To honour their Sov'reign each God gave a boon;
Apollo presented it Light;
The Goddess of Child-bed dispatch'd as a Moon,
To silver the shadow of Night.

The Queen of Soft-wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride,
Leer'd wanton on her Man of War;
Saying, as to these Earth-folks I'll give them a guide,
So she sparkled the morn and eve Star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung,
In ellipsis each Planet advanc'd;
The Tune of the Spheres the Nine Sisters sung,
As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himself cou'd not insensible stand,
Bid Saturn his girdle fast bind,
The Expounder of Fate grasp'd the Globe in his hand,
And laugh'd at those Mites call'd Mankind.

From the hand of great Jove in Space it was hurl'd,
He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,
Bid his daughter Attraction take charge of the World,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
Saw with rapture hills, vallies, and plains;
The self-balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound,
Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
What was fit for each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

The blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise,
Ineffably smil'd on the spot;
My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,
But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licentiousness Freedom's destruction may bring,
Unless Prudence prepares it's defence;
The Goddess of Sapience bid Iris take wing
And on Britons bestow'd Common-Sense.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this isle,
As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of Liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty so rare
Oh preserve it as pure as 'twas giv'n;
We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,
And return it untainted to Heav'n.

REASON.

TUNE,
"When Fanny to Woman is growing apace."

WHAT the heart feels oppose to the phrases of schools,
Sweet Sympathies prove the Philosophers fools.
Can all the clasp'd volumes of learned mens feats,
Be equal to clasping one Beauty in sheets.

Go *Instinct*, call *Reason*, and hear what he'll say—
The cowardly Tyrant keeps out of the way.
Bolt the door then *Desire*, we'll milk him at least,
He may pick up our Offals, and rail at the feast.

The union of Souls is a Task, words may try,
But Lovers' Sensations, Description defy;
To them only known, who voluptuously prove
Affection's Enjoyment, the Phrenzy of Love.

But hark! who is that we hear hobbling up stairs?
It is *Reason*, quoth *Fancy*;—Oh is it! who cares?
He's welcome,—a chair there—I hope he'll sit down:
As he enter'd I smil'd,—he return'd me a frown.

My Lass was before me, my Bottle between;
In our looks we rejoic'd we just now were not seen;
But when Pleasure prompts, Reason always sneaks off;
When over, he bully-like, enters to huff.

Just like an old Watchman, the Goblin was drest,
Grey hairs, pole and lanthorn, broad belt, and long vest;
Young Fellow, quoth *He*, it is time you shou'd think;
Old Fellow, quoth *Me*, it is time you shou'd drink.

I offer'd a Flask of Champaign, on my knee,
And begg'd, as my Doctor, he'd drink for his fee;
I prais'd his wise seeming,—my praises prevail'd,
For Flattery's a nostrum which never yet fail'd.

With Praises, with Bumpers, I ply'd him so long,
That himself he forgot, and wou'd sing us a Song;
Aye and dance, nay a wench he wou'd have, and he swore;
But attempting to rise, he fell drunk on the floor.

As I order'd a Bed, says my love-looking Fair,
"As to Bed, my dear! Reason has no business there;
"The Senses their title to that Manor prove,
"Let Reason sleep on, while we waken to Love."

MORAL.

Reason is but a Bugbear, to scare girls and boys,
Wine and women, without him, Experience enjoys;
That we're worthy those Blessings, let Life's practice prove,
May we never want Reason for Drinking or Love.



TOLL, LOLL DE ROLL.

TUNE.
"Let the Grave and the Gay."

WHEN the Deity's word
Throughout Chaos was heard,
And in order up rose this vast ball;
Land, Sea, and Sky rung
With Creation's glad song,
It was then a fine—Toll, de roll, loll.

Inconstant mankind
Could not keep in one mind,
But into foul parties must fall;
'Gainst Religion and State,
Rais'd a pother and prate,
And made a sad—Toll de roll, loll.

On this sea-circled land,
By great Nature's command,
Freedom stopp'd at Integrity's call;
England's Genius appear'd,
In full chorus was heard,
Lov'd Liberty's song—Loll de roll.

On each distant shore
We have sung it encore,
And are ready, my lads, One and All,
To sound the same strain,
Tho' I think France and Spain
Have enough of our—Loll de roll, loll.

All the noise that our foes
Took such pains to compose,
Not a Heart of Oak's Ear could appal;
But the Dons and Mounseers
Were struck dum with three cheers,
They're the English Tar's Toll de roll, loll.

At the place Minden nam'd,
By the British Foot fam'd,
How glorious those days to recall:
The French Folks advancing,
Were stopp'd in their dancing,
And tumbled about—Loll de roll.

For this thing, or that,
Toll de roll, comes in pat,
'Tis a Chorus I'll always extol;
'Tis suppos'd, not express'd,
'Tis what each one likes best,
Then here's to the best—Toll de roll, &c.



TOLL, LOLL, LOLL.

TUNE—"BLACK JOKE."

AS one day at home in a maudlinish mood,
Like dull Porter Drinkers, I drowsily stood,
Heavily humming out, Toll, loll, loll, loll.
The Fair of my Fancy whisk'd into the room,
All lovely she look'd, like a May morning's bloom;
Her form was, but forming a Simile's flat,
Think all that you can think, and she was all that.
I quickly left yawning, Toll, loll, loll, &c.

On a Sofa she sunk, as if failing in strength,
Then gracefully wanton, fell back at full length,
In attitude temptingly, tuning Toll, loll.
I begg'd for the Words, but her smiling express'd,
What Words among friends? try the Tune 'twill do best.
'Twas a hint, and I instantly 'rose to her Wishes,
Fell into her arms, there she fed me with Kisses.
For Kisses are Symphonies, Toll, loll, &c.

As if just awaken'd, inclining her head,
Her eyes pleasure sparkling, short sighing she said
" How sweet is the sound of Toll, loll?
" All Art in Enjoyment's profane Affectation,
" Possession's true Pleasure, is prompt Inclination;
" When Souls in sweet Unison, blend their Embraces,
" Then, then, and then only, Love's gamut has Graces."
Toll, loll, loll, &c.

It is Taste at an Op'ra, to Pantomime Pleasure,
O'ercome by the magic of Harmony's measure,
And seem to expire with Toll, loll, loll, loll.
But Nature's nice organs, have nobler sensations,
Not bodyless sounds, but corporeal vibrations;
In these dear Da Capos, both equal advancing,
Elastical Arteries full Chords are dancing
Toll, loll, loll, &c.

To practise Love's lesson exceeds all the schools,
Scarlatti and Handell, and such folks were fools,
At Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll.
They Harmony made out of half Tones and whole,
To lull lady's ears, but 'tis Love charms the Soul;
When lips to lips tuning soft Symphonies tender,
The heart beating Preludes, denote a surrender
Of Toll, loll, loll, &c.

'Tis Music and Love, or the Music of loving,
That only the life which we live for is proving,
Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll.
Tho' Int'rest makes Freedom pay Wedlock's expences,
Yet Love for Love leads up the Dance of the Senses;
Where Jealousy frights not, nor Folly is teazing,
There may we enjoy the true pleasure of pleasing.
Toll, loll, loll, loll, &c.

THE ORIGIN OF TOLL, LOLL, LOLL.

TUNE.

"As one day at home in a maudlinish mood."

I'LL sing you a song, and I'll sing all about it,
Or in tune or out on't, you need not to doubt it,
My tune is Toll, toll, toll, loll, loll.
Stoccatos, Chromatics, Rests, Crotches, and Chords,
Deep Tenors, sharp Trebles, with Fifths, Eighths, and Thirds,
Are sounds without Sense; Common Sense come before us.
So Silence each Solfa let's Toll, toll, toll, chorus,
And nothing but Toll, toll, toll, toll, toll, toll.

If word-gnawing Critics grammatical ball,
Unde derivatur, Sir, this Toll, toll, toll?
"I answer, from Loll, loll, loll, loll, loll, loll."
And pray what is Loll, loll, loll, perge, quoth Pedant!
Profecto, continues he, *I never read on't;*
What part of Speech are you, this Toll, loll, loll, making?
"The only part, sir, of the whole that's worth taking,"
Toll, loll, loll, &c.

The verb which Love conjugates, Nature's the tutor,
Both active and passive, but sometimes stands neuter,
Toll, loll, loll, &c.
When wantonly wish'd for, *optative* Mood makes it;
When promis'd in *future,* Hope happily takes it.
Of all Terminations respecting the Tenses,
The *present* is always the best for the Senses.
Toll, loll, loll, &c.

But let us for once, tho' become something ser'ous;
The Black Joke's a tune, that mayhap is mister'us,
Who knows what is hid under Toll, loll, loll, loll.
What is under, or in it, or what is about it,
Perhaps has a meaning, perhaps is without it;
It may be thought Wit, but that wou'd be wonder;
It may be a single, or double Entendre,
Toll, loll, de roll, &c.

If you have, or if you have not, read a Hist'ry,
If you are Free-mason'd, and understand Myst'ry,
Toll, loll, loll, loll, loll, is Loll, toll, toll, toll.
If more may be made on't, I beg to know what,
It may be, or mayn't be, it can, or cannot;
For how be it, hereby, so be it, and so forth,
But good friends excuse me, indeed I must go forth.
Toll, loll, de roll, &c.

INDEPENDENCY.

TUNE.

"The' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain."

LET us laugh at the common distinctions of State,
When merely from Title, men hold themselves great;
If Merit wins Honours, the wearers we praise,
But only the Mean, homage Heraldry's Blaze.

If you are a lineal descendant from Adam,
Or Spouse can collateral claim from his Madam;
O'er acres of parchment, tho' Pedigrees spread,
Boast not how you're born sir, but shew how you're bred.

You Laurels display, which your forefathers won;
We allow *they* did great things, but what have *you* done?
The Cover, the Stubble, your conquests proclaim,
And your Country's preserv'd—by the *Laws of the Game.*

Ye Lords of large Manors, your flatt'rers disband,
What are ye but tenants for life to the Land;
Your lakes, gardens, grots, temples, busts, pictures, plate,
Are things of the Inn, where in Life's-stage you bait.

Awhile you the labours of Luxury bear,
'Till Time tells you out, to make room for your Heir;
The same round of riot, he runs for his day,
His successor's summons, sends him the same way.

But HE who exists in Infinity's State,
Whose hand holds the Sun, and whose Fiat is Fate;
To some has sent power, to others gives wealth,
And to us, who are humble, his best Blessing—*Health.*

To the Graces, we nightly, a sacrifice make,
Wit and humour, the chairs, as our Toast-masters take;
By their social converse, our time we improve,
While Tenderness lends us the daughters of Love.

Jolly Welcome attends Hospitality's call,
Common Sense is our Cat'rer in Liberty Hall,
For one dish dress'd there, all Court Treats we resign,
Keep your distance, ye Kings! INDEPENDENT we dine.

THE RAILERS.

TUNE.
"Ye Ladies who drive from the smoke of the Town."

BEhold on the brow the leaves play in the breeze,
While Cattle calm feed in the vale;
The Church spire tapering, points through the trees,
As Lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful Colts skip after Dams to the brook,
The Brook slow and silently glides;
The surface so smooth, and so clear, if you look
It reflects the gay green on it's sides.

In Farm-yard, by his feather'd Seraglio caress'd,
The King of the Walk dares to crow;
No Nabob, nor Nimrod, enslaving the east,
Such prowess with Beauty can shew.

Beneath the still Cow, Nancy presses the teat,
Her face like the ruddy fac'd morn;
Loud strokes in the barn the strong Threshers repeat,
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their Wives, at the doors of their cots,
Sit spinning, dress'd cleanly, tho' coarse,
To their Babes, while unheeding the Traveller trots,
They shew the fine Man and his Horse.

At the heels of the Steed, bark the base village Whelps,
Each Puppy rude echo bestirs;
But the Horse, too high bred, bounds away from their yelps,
Disregarding the clamour of Curs.

Illiberal Railers thus Envy betray,
When Merit above them they view;
But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,
Or afford a reply to the Crew.

To contempt and despair, such Insanes we commit;
But to generous Rivals, a Toast,—
May rich Men reward honest Fellows of wit,—
Here's a health to those Dunces hate most.

THE ARTISTS.

TUNE.

"Tho' Man has long boasted an absolute sway."

PRUDE Pallas observ'd to the Demirep Queen,
Dear Venus, what is it these English folks mean?
Their Island is favour'd beyond other Isles,
'Twas I gave them Sapience, and you bestow'd smiles,
Nay ev'ry Immortal a bounty has sent 'em,
And yet, like cross children, all this can't content 'em.

The Goddess of Grace, in love's soft silver tone,
Reply'd "'twas immense, immense odd she must own;
"Let us trip down to Earth, just to see the affair,
"It is only through Atmosphere taking the air;
"I've my Doves at the door, come, dear creature, with me;"
Away in a Whirlwind they whisk'd—*Vis a vis.*

From Council Jove miss'd them, enquiring about,
His feather-heel'd post-boy discover'd their rout;

Replies the sky ruler, " they've no business there,
" In Britain there always is beauty to spare ;
" And as to Dame Wisdom, by Styx I aver,
" While Faction stays with them they won't employ
her.

" Haste home with them Hermes," away flew the God,
And the yielding clouds cut with his snake-twisted
rod ;
In London, from place to place, questioning flew,
Where is Wisdom? but where, indeed nobody knew.
He return'd with a tale, with a tale melancholy,
That Wisdom elop'd into Scotland with Folly.

" *Where is Venus?*" quoth Mars, " *Aye, my Wife*
" *have you seen?*"
Cries the King of the Cyclops, " *My Man-loving*
" *queen?*"
" *I left her employ'd with her Handmaids, the Graces,*
" *By Science requested to finish his Faces :*
" *Here's the name of each Genius with whom she's a*
guest,
" REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, MORTIMER, MYERS,
DANCE, WEST."

Vulcan vow'd he wou'd fetch her, " You shan't,
" thunder'd Jove,
" I encourage the Arts, and yon Island I love ;
" Into Fate I have look'd, and e'er long I can see,
" What Athens was once, my Britania will be ;
" So Lemnos be mute, Hæbe hand me the nectar,
" Here's Great-Britain's Artists, and GEORGE
their PROTECTOR."

THE DREAM.

TUNE.

"Push about the brisk Bowl."

BY a whirlwind methought I through Æther was hurl'd,
Electric 'mong Spirits of Air;
Upborn by the clouds, we look'd down on the world,
And odd exhibitions spy'd there.

England's Genius was there, bearing *Monarchy's* crown,
In procession round *Liberty Hall*;
Faction seiz'd her rich robe, *Public Spirit* pull'd down,
And *Folly* broad grinn'd at her fall.

In weather-house plac'd, to denote foul and fair,
Two Figures are veering about;
So pageants we saw, and we smil'd at their glare,
As they turn'd, with the Times, in and out.

The *Methodists*, mask'd with *Hypocrisy's* face,
Anathemas thunder'd aloud;
So Jack Puddings joke, with distorted grimace,
Benetting their Gudgeons,—the Croud.

Wit and *Honour* were there, drove from *Dignity's* door,
That *Stupidity's* coach might have room;
Debauch we saw open *Temptation's* base store,
And *Disease* taint *Simplicity's* bloom.

Stubborn Will against *Prudence* was waging a fight,
While *Desire* oppos'd *Duty* strong;
The *Passions* confess'd *Reason's* Dictates were right,
Though themselves still resolv'd to be wrong.

A wonderful Troop towards Westminster bore;
What wonders there are 'mong mankind?
In gilt chariots *Lawyers* paraded before,
On foot *Justice* follow'd behind.

Church Preferments we saw—but respect shall withstand
The abuse that's pour'd forth on the Cloth;
Stock Jobbers and *Statesmen* we saw hand in hand,
And *Pride* stood at *par* between both.

Cent per Cent had lain siege to *Integrity's* head,
And *Beauty* was battering his heart;
East-India Success struck *Humility* dead,
And *Title* took *Vanity's* part.

Crafty *Care* and pale *Usury*, two sleepless hags,
Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil;
Their heir *Dissipation* we saw at their bags,
With *Flattery* sharing the spoil.

The myst'ries of Trade.—but no longer I'll dwell,
On either the mighty or mean;
From an Emperor's court to a Penitent's cell,
Life's all the same laughable scene.

'Tis a pitiful piece, like a Farce in a Fair,
Where shew, noise, and nonsense misrule,
Where tinsel paradings, make Ignorance stare,
Where he who acts best is the Fool.



TIME'S DEFEAT.

TUNE.

"Cupid sent on an Errand," &c.

ONE evening, *Good Humour*, took *Wit* as his guest,
By *Friendship* invited to *Gratitude*'s feast;
Their liquor was Claret, and *Love* was their host,
Laugh, song, and droll Sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the design,
And dainties were furnish'd by *Love*, *Wit*, and *Wine*,
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,
A watchman hoarse bawling, *'Twas past Twelve o'Clock.*

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up stairs they brought the Impertinent, bound;
When dragg'd to the light, how much were they pleas'd
To see 'twas the Grey-glutton *Time* they had seiz'd.

His Glass as his Lanthorn, his Scythe as his Pole,
And his single Lock dangled adown his smooth skull;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to knock,
And bid ye be gone, for 'tis *past Twelve o'Clock.*

Says the *Venom'd-Tooth'd-Savage*, on this advice fix,
Tho' *Nature* strikes twelve, *Folly* still points to six;
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,
So hurry'd him into a Hogshead of Claret.

Wit observ'd it was right, while we'er yet in our prime,
There is nothing like *Claret* for killing of Time;
Love, laughing reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart,
He can't come and put us in mind we must part.

This intruder, rude *Time*, tho' a tyrant long known,
By *Love*, *Wit* and *Wine* can be only o'erthrown;
If hereafter he's wanted on any design,
He'll always be found in a Hogshead of Wine.

Since *Time* is confin'd to our Wine, let us drink,
By this rule we are sure of our *Time* when we drink;
Henceforth, let our glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking must now be *well tim'd.*

TRUE BLUE.

TUNE.

"To all ye Ladies now at Land."

THE cards were sent, the Muses came,
'Twas Ceres gave the feast
To Juno, Jove's majestic dame,
Fair Hæbe hail'd each guest.
With Phœbus, Bacchus, wit and wine,
Like man and wife, shou'd social shine.
With I fall, lal, la.

Th' Olympic Dance, Minerva wise,
With graceful steps mov'd round;
Blue was the fillet—like her eyes,
Her sapient temples crown'd;
That girdle loosen'd, falling down,
Buck Bacchus caught the azure Zone.

Upon his breast the Ribbon plac'd,
By Styx, avow'd the youth,
What had the Throne of Wisdom grac'd,
Shou'd grace the Seat of Truth:
His robe he instant open threw,
And on his bosom beam'd *True Blue.*

"Kings, taught by me, shall Garters give,
"In Installations show;
"What Subjects merits shou'd receive,
"Their Monarchs shou'd bestow.
"This Symbol, lov'd, Celestials view,
"And stamp your Sanctions on *True Blue.*"

The rosy God, Urania prais'd;
The tuneful sisters join;
The Sov'reign of the Sky was pleas'd
To constellate the Sign.
Along the Clouds, loud Pæans flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd *True Blue.*

This order Iris bore to earth,
Minerva charg'd the fair,
Where first she found out Sons of worth,
To leave the Ribbon there.
From clime to clime she searching flew,
And in HIBERNIA left *True Blue.*

DITTO.

TUNE.—"MASKS ALL."

LET those who love Helicon sip at it's streams,
And chill'd by cold water, doze spiritless dreams;
No aid I'll invoke from a tea drinking Muse,
But bumper me Bacchus to toast the *True Blues.*
Sing tantararara True Blue.

No man-slaying hero's rash deeds I rehearse,
Nor shall Strephon's sighs sadly whine in my verse;
To friendship, to freedom, this sonnet is due,
And friendship and freedom become a *True Blue.*

Wrong'd Nature to Newton from Dullness appeal'd,
Mankind he enlighten'd, bright vision reveal'd;
All colours examin'd, and found upon view
One chief, one unchang'd, and he nam'd it *True Blue.*

Kings, Statesmen, and Patriots, illustrious chuse
The slant azure bandage, the mark of True Blues;
To Britain's chief knighthood the Garter is due,
And that honour'd Ribbon is spotless *True Blue.*

To furnish, with Science, the sons of the earth,
Olympus the goddess of Wisdom brought forth;
Her eyes, Paris own'd, were the brightest he knew,
And their lustre, quoth Homer, is sparkling *True Blue.*

In spring, when Creation her blossoms resumes,
And field-flowers fill the rich air with perfumes;
What sky colour, tell me, the sun best looks through?
The atmosphere's clearest when clouds are *True Blue.*

To sully that standard each social disdains,
The tint of True Blue bids defiance to stains;
On the breast of each Brother the Ribbon we view,
Which shews, that at heart he is pure and *True Blue.*

When Liberty ling'ring, Hibernia quits,
And Honour to passive Obedience submits;
Public Spirit to Ireland then bids adieu,
Adieu, Lads to life then, then farewell *True Blue.*

EXTRAVAGANZA.

TUNE—PAN'S SONG IN MIDAS.

NOT one of the wise men, tho' ever so knowing,
Can stop the heart's dancing, when fancy is flowing,
Dame Caution may dodge us, but quickly we'll breathe her,
And high over earth boys, break cover in *Æther!*
Toll, loll.

How then shall we laugh at each sublunar system,
And prove to star-peepers how much they have mist 'em,
We'll hob nob with *Saturn*, his cellar will charm us,
And hand in hand run round his girdle to warm us.

In tangents fly off, and to *Jupiter* hurry,
Ask Majesty's leave with his moons to be merry;
On Captain *Mars* call, from the Spheres get a tune,
Send the *North Star* a card, by the *Man* in the *Moon*.

On *Mercury* mount, make a *Comet* postillion,
With Demirep *Venus* then dance a cotillion;
Her *Hesper* and *Vesper*, you know their vocation,
They rise and set just like the state of the nation.

But now to talk more like a two-legg'd terrestrial,
Awhile we'll leave fancying this gallop celestial:
Suppose some dear girl her appointment was keeping,
And pat pat up stairs, you first heard her feet tripping.

Or when down the dark walk the silk gown comes
rustling,
How each sense is hurry'd, from head to heel bustling
Unbounded as mad expectation can fancy,
'Tis pleasure's sharp fury, Love's Extravaganzy.

We fill up our time, by full filling our glasses,
And jollily laughing with love-looking lasses;
Our bumpers discharging, then charge to our wishes,
Present and give fire in volleys of kisses.

But we'll have no more now of Roundelays rattling,
Of chiming and rhiming, of tittling and tattling.
This singing or saying may please I don't doubt it;
But here's to that mouth who makes no words about it.

THE WINE VAULT.

TUNE.
"The Hounds are all out."

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knee,
And a Cellar as sociably stor'd,
My brave boys.

My Vault door is open, descend and improve,
That Cask,——aye, that we will try;
'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
As I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a butt shou'd be strod,
I gallop the brusher along;
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,
And a Sentiment give, or a song,

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops seem
With pearls the moist walls to emboss;
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream
Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

When the lamp is brimful how the taper flame shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

Sound those Pipes, they're in tune, and those Bins are well fill'd,
View that heap of Old Hock in your rear;
Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review;
When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like *Macedon's Madman* my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly will I,
When reeling, I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck, to *do more*.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that *His drinking is done*,
My brave boys.

THE BRITON.

TUNE.

"All you who wou'd wish to succeed with a Lass."

FROM the face of the Sun, see the Mists disappear,
Resplendent his beams brighten Day;
The Highlands, the Trees, and the Hill-tops are clear,
'Tis the pride of the year, it is May.

The Hare starts away, Puss disturb'd from her seat
Flies frighted, and doubles the wold.
How plaintive the Sheep their loud echoes repeat,
Because not yet free'd from the Fold.

'Tis Liberty's language, the voice of the soul,
Throughout Air, upon Earth, in the Sea,
From us unto where the most distant Worlds roll,
What Animal wou'd not be free?

Let us live while we're free; but when Liberty wanes
Life is but imprisoning breath;
As slaves shall we sigh, or escape from our chains,
And follow our Freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our birthrights defend,
Our last shall be Liberty's call;
Like Sampson, we'll nobly existency end,
And our Tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good subjects will Government ever obey,
Into Air toss Malignity's tale;
But Honour forbid, Fraud shou'd e'er come in play,
And England be set up to sale.

While *Will*, without *Law*, scourges *Gallia*'s coast,
Let us, in our honesty bold,
First drink the KING's health,—then add to the toast,
May Englishmen scorn to be sold.

THE END.

TUNE.

"The Fool who is wealthy is sure of a Bride."

PAPILIO the rich, in the hurry of love,
Resolving to wed, to fair *Arabell* drove;
He made his proposals, he begg'd she wou'd fix,
What Maid cou'd say No to a new Coach-and-six?

We'll suppose they were wed, the guests bid, supper done,
The fond pair in bed, and the stocking was thrown.
The Bride lay expecting to what this wou'd tend,
Since created a wife, wish'd to know for what end.

On the velvet peach oft, as the gaudy fly rests,
The Bridegroom's lips stopp'd, on Love's pillows, her breasts;
All amazement, impassive, the heart-heaving fair
With a sigh seem'd to prompt him, *don't stay too long there.*

Round her waist, and round such a waist, circling his arms,
He raptures rehears'd on her unpossess'd charms,
Says the fair one, and gap'd, I hear all you pretend,
But now, for I'm sleepy, pray come to an end.

My love ne'er shall end, 'Squire Shadow reply'd,
But still, unattempting, lay stretch'd at her side.
She made feints, as if something she meant to defend,
But found out, at last, it was all to no end.

In disdain starting up from the impotent boy,
She, sighing, pronounc'd, there's an end of my joy,
Then resolv'd this advice to her sex she wou'd send,
Ne'er to wed 'till they're sure they can wed to some end.

And which end is that? why the end which prevails,
Ploughs, ships, birds, and fishes, are steer'd by their Tails.
And tho' man and wife for the Head may contend,
I'm sure they're best pleas'd when they gain t'other end.

The end of our wishes, the end of our wives,
The end of our loves, and the end of our lives;
The end of conjunction 'twixt mistress and male,
Tho' the Head may design, has its end in the Tail.

'Tis time tho' to finish, if ought I intend,
Lest, like a bad husband, I come to no end:
The ending I mean is what none will think wrong,
And that is, to make now an end of my song.



THE TRIO.

TUNE.
" Ye Fair possess'd of ev'ry charm."

WIT, *Love*, and *Reputation*, walk'd
One ev'ning out of town,
They sung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd
'Till night came darkling on.
Love wilfull needs wou'd be their guide,
And smil'd at loss of day,
On her the kindred pair rely'd,
And lost with her their way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
All bleak the barren moor;
Across they toil'd, when *Love*, grown bold,
Knock'd loud at *Labour*'s door.
Awhile within the reed-roof'd-cot
They stood, and star'd at *Care*,
But long cou'd not endure the spot,
For *Poverty* was there.

The *Twain* propos'd next morn to part,
And travel different ways;
Quoth *Love*, I soon shall find a Heart,
Wit went to look for *Praise*.
But *Reputation*, sighing, spoke,
"'Tis better we agree,
"Though *Love* may laugh, and *Wit* may joke,
"Yet, friends, take care of me.

"Without me, *Beauty* wins no *Heart*,
"Without me *Wit* is vain;
"If headstrong here with me you part,
"We ne'er can meet again.
"Of *me* you both shou'd take great care,
"And shun the rambling plan,
"No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
"So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,
Expecting to be crown'd,
Enquiring for her brother *Truth*,
But *Truth* was never found.
She sought in vain, for *Love* was blind,
And *Hate* her guidance crost;
'Tis said, since *Truth* she cannot find,
That *Love* herself is lost.

CASTLES IN AIR.

TUNE.

"The Lass who wou'd know how to manage a Man."

IF I was a wit, like a wit I'd presume,
But no Muse beckon down from the sky;
I had rather go up—so old *Pindar* the groom
Bring *Pegasus* out and I'll fly.

Take a leap from the land, gallop atmosphere o'er,
The man in the moon how he'll stare!
When I start for the pole, I'll go off upon score,
And clear ev'ry *Castle in Air*.

Those castles are built by *Dependency*'s dreams,
Poor *Vanity*'s bubble the base;
Pale promise-pin'd Hope, as the architect schemes,
They're furnish'd by folks out of place.

If the nod of a Courtier our cringing shou'd crown,
Or bid by a smile from the fair,
Self-consequence swell'd, we disdain to look down,
So look up to a *Castle in Air*.

My country I'll serve, my constituents defend——
On their honour thus candidates swear,
But fix'd in their seat, wou'd you look for your friend,
He is lost in a *Castle of Air*.

What man in his senses of puffs wou'd be proud,
Or covet the multitude's stare?
What use have the shouts of Venality's croud?
But erecting a *Castle in Air*.

As to *Genius*, or *Learning*, or *Science*;—such names
Are frights to make fine breeding stare.
Dissipation at present such title disclaims,
They're said to be *Castles in Air*.

Wise men from the East——you indeed ev'ry day
Can count out your orient glare.
Hark forward ye NIMRODS, a *Nabob*'s your play,
A NABOB's no *Castle in Air*.

Till Death shall us part, I'll be constant I vow,
This, too oft, is the phrase of the Fair,
But some Ladies minds are—one cannot tell how—
Not better—than *Castles in Air.*

'Till Death!—How appalling must that sentence be?
What looks then the proudest must wear?
When all the land left them, is six feet by three,
Their *Castle*—but *out of the Air.*

Too late they perceive, that they've time misemploy'd
To be star'd at, or only to stare;
That they've liv'd to their loss, as each day was destroy'd
Erecting new *Castles in Air.*

The *Grave*—but too grave is not fit for our plan,
Which is neither to doat nor despair:
While we live, let us *live*, making life all we can,
Then a fig for each *Castle in Air.*

GAMING.

TUNE.
"Ye Virgins of Britain who wisely attend."

LAST night I attended at Robinhood's Group,
Where five-minute-orators keep the thing up;
Where Politics, Physics, Wit, Humour, and Learning,
May hear things to wonder at past their discerning.

Quoth a Speaker, applying a pinch to his nose,
As slowly, like tragedy-ghost, he arose,
The Methodist Preachers began our seduction,
And Gamesters and Gambling complete our destruction.

Young *Knowell* upstarting, reply'd, with a sneer,
" Mr. President, really that gentleman's queer,
" He rails against Gamesters, yet, this may be said,
" He wou'd have been one, but he wanted a head.

" And now I am up, and my minutes go on,
" That I prove him a fool, why, I'll hold two to one.
" These fault-finders don't know the things they're abusing,
" What's all the world after, but winning and losing?

" I forgive all he knows, and I dare him to say,
" If he wou'd, or wou'd not have the best of the lay.
" Honest people I love, but I never heard yet,
" It was thought wrong to have the right side of a Bett.

" Life's like Hazard-playing, we all wish to win,
" And he must have luck, to be sure, who throws in.
" 'Tis the statesman who sets, his friends nick their places,
" And those 'gainst the court are suppos'd to throw Aces.

" On the turf we perhaps may have Cunning's assistance,
" But Westminster-hall gives Newmarket a distance,
" By crossing and jostling this land may be lost,
" And Liberty run on the wrong side the Post.

" I abjure each expression wou'd hurt Ladies fame,
" But will they not all play the best of the game?
" To be sure *trade*'s a virtue, and *gaming* a vice,
" Yet fraudulent *bankrupts* are worse than false *dice*.

" If our betters will play, and playfellows esteem us,
" *Cum Monitor ludit nos quoque ludemus,*
" Don't blame him who wins, rather laugh as the loser,
" We only take Fortune from those who abuse her.

" If a Lord loves a Gamester's life, is it absurd
" For a Gamester to take up the life of a Lord?
" Whether Lord, or what else, 'tis a matter of mirth,
" What signify's title, Sir, *What are you worth?*"

The hammer went down, *Knowell* silent became,
And henceforth we'll honour the best of the game.
So here goes a Main, here the Caster must win,
We drink to the lucky, who hold longest in.

THE JOLLY SOUL.

TUNE.—" THE WINE VAULT."

COME Liberty, damme boys, but we'll be free,
Tho' Care kill'd a cat, what care I?
I'll hold six to four, only say done to me,
Like a *Soul* I have liv'd, and I'll dye,
My brave boys.

They sent me to college, I didn't mind that,
To teach me to preach and to pray;
I woudn't be humm'd, I saw what they were at,
So my eye upon all they can say.

As to pulpit palaver, why, that's all a flam,
No priestcraft shall e'er do for me;
I will, or I won't, a free agent I am,
And I'll only believe what I see.

May lovers of Claret, aye, Claret's the thing,
To drink it without any tax;
I don't mind the bother 'bout Subject and King,
But custom-free that's all *I ax.*

If Clergy, Commons, and Lords will but join,
Our national debts to pay off,
And let us free Gratis have women and wine,
Why then we may do well enough.

In half-pints the Parl'ament house then I'll toast,
And GEORGE too, upon my bare knee;
I don't care which side, nor if none rule the toast,
So I've but my fun and am free.

But now they're sad times, for our freedom is gone,
Since we to bumbailiffs submit;
Bill o' Rights I damn all bills, for the nation's undone
By that *General Warrant*, a *Writ.*

We must be made slaves if they don't put a stop
To Lawyers, the Justice, and all;
For if in Old England we don't keep it up,
Why then, to be sure, it must fall.

When I dye—but that's queer—and to think on't is dull,
So as to *this here*, or *that there*,
Let me go where I will, if my bottle is full,
And I get but a girl, I don't care.

If Master Death thrusts himself into my room,
They tell me, he always makes free,
I'll try if I can't tip *old Boney* a hum,
If not, why, may-hap he hums me.

As I told you before, I'm resolv'd not to think,
So I cannot a Sentiment give,
However, my Souls, while we live let us drink,
Because while we're drinking we live,
My brave boys.

TO-DAY AND TO-NIGHT.

TUNE.

"What a Blockhead is he who's afraid to die poor."

RUBY-FINGER'D *Aurora*, fair Lady of Light,
From saffron robes shaking the last shade of Night,
Call'd *Phœbus*, who bless'd with his sea-beauty's boon,
Slow awoke, *Thetis* vow'd '*Twas immensely too soon.*

Above the horizon his beams, circling, spread
The grey dappled clouds, fring'd transparent with red.
The breezy air rich with the perfumes of May,
While birds on the boughs chirp'd and sung in the day.

Shall man, most oblig'd, offer less to that pow'r
By whom he's endow'd, to enjoy ev'ry hour?
Yes,—pride-born Ingratitude never will pay
The thanks which are due for the gift of *To-day*.

No,—*To-morrow's* the thing; *To-morrow!* Sloth cries—
To-morrow's the shadow which ev'ry day flies.
Death *Yesterday* call'd in his fools—and, *To-day*,
'Tis not six to four but we're had the same way.

We must laugh when we look on Time-killers' distress,
Who dress, dine, and daudle—dine, daudle, and dress.
In one senseless saunter dream *Day* and *Night* thro',
In nothing to say, and—in nothing to do.

As for thin[redacted] *To-day*, 'tis absurd to begin:
A head fine frizzur'd wants no finish within.
To-morrow's the wild-goose at which they take aim,
A mouthful of moonshine they get for their game.

Let us, lads, depend on Life's plain-dealing plan,
Not kill Time, but keep all alive while we can.
Day and *Night* too, our welcome to Beauty we'll pay,
Love equal expects both *good Night* and *good Day*.

To *Night* be my song then,—I honour its shades;
Fall fertile ye vapours, make Mothers of Maids.
To the end of each *Day* be our doings upright,
May all do the best thing they can do To-night.

TO DRINK.

TUNE—"GUILDFORD STILE."

WHEN Prudence declaims how time passes,
Cou'd we tempt Mr. *Chronos* to stay,
While we're bump'ring a round of our lasses,
We wou'd wait upon all he cou'd say.
But is it worth while
Through books to toil,
In troubling our heads how to think?
Thought ne'er was design'd
To puzzle the mind,
Let us only mind how we drink.

There was *Solomon* one of the wise things
When past it, began to complain:
He affected at last to despise things
Because his was labour in vain;
But used to say,
There's time to play,
To labour, to love, and to think;
Let those in their prime
Remember the time
At present 'tis time we shou'd drink.

A pox on Reflection, be jolly,
Dispassionate Cynics Despise,
Did you once know the raptures of folly,
You never wou'd wish to be wise.
I scorn the plans
Sobriety scans
From bumpers I never will shrink;
By the busy in trade
Be Cent. per Cent. made,
'Tis Cent. per Cent. better to drink.

KISSING.

TUNE.

"in pursuit of some Lambs from my Flocks that had stray'd."

YE delicate lovelies, with leave, I maintain
That happiness here you may find.
To yourselves I appeal for Felicity's reign
When you meet with a man to your mind.

When Gratitude Friendship to Fondness unites,
Inexpressive endearments arise:
Then hopes, fears, and fancies, strange doubts, and delight
Are announced by those tell-tales, the eyes.

Those technical terms, in the science of Love,
Cold schoolmen attempt to describe,
But how should they paint what they never can prove?
For Tenderness knows not their tribe.

Of all the abuse on enjoyment that's thrown
The treatment Love takes most amiss,
Is the rant of the coxcomb, the sot, and the clown,
Who pretend to indulge on a Kiss.

The love of a fribble at self only aims:
For sots and clowns—class them with beasts
No fibre, no atom, have they in their frames,
To relish such delicate feasts.

In circling embraces, when lips to lips move,
Description, oh! teach me to praise
The overture KISS to th' Op'ra of Love—
But Beauty wou'd laugh at the phrase.

Love's preludes are Kisses, and, after the play,
They fill up the pause of delight.
The rich repetitions, which never decay,
The Lips silent language at night.

The raptures of KISSING we only can taste,
When sympathies equal inspire:
And while to enjoyment unbounded, we haste,
Their breath blows the coals of desire.

Again, and again, and again Beauty sips;
What feelings their pressures excite?
When fleeting life's stopp'd by a Kiss of the lips,
Then sinks in a sigh of delight.

MORAL.

Whilst our glasses we kiss, and we frolick at ease,
Of Happiness ne'er may we miss;
May we live as we list, may we kiss whom we please,
And may we still please whom we kiss.

BARTLEME FAIR.

TUNE.

"Young Strephon he went t'other day to the Wake."

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and sattins,
We poorfolks are tramping in straw hats and pattens.
As merrily Old English ballads can sing--o,
As they at their opperores outlandish ling--o;
Calling out, bravo, encoro, and caro,
Tho'f I will sing nothing but Bartleme Fair--o.

Here first of all, crowds against other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving;
Here's fiddling and fluting, and shouting and shrieking,
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bag-pipes, and barrow-girls squeaking.
My rare round and sound, here's choice of fine ware--o
Tho' all is not sound sold at Bartleme Fair--o.

Here are drolls, hornpipe-dancing, and shewing of postures;
Plum-porridge, black-puddings, and op'ning of oysters:
The tap-house guests swearing, and gall'ry folks squawling,
With salt-boxes, solus, and mouth-pieces bawling;
Pimps, pick-pockets, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,
Bawds, baileys, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun-powder plot. Sir,
Wild beasts all-alive, and pease-porridge hot, Sir;
Fine sausages fry'd, and the Black on the wire;
The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.
The ups-and-downs, who'll take a seat in the chair--o,
There are more ups and downs than at Bartleme Fair-o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaise without horses, and Queen of Hungary;
The merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come who rides;
Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides;
The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,
And some men, as scholars are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong gay things;
Our passions, like children, are tempted by play-things;
By sound and by shew, by trash and by trumpery.
The fal-lals of fashion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.
Life is but a droll, rather wretched than rare--o,
And thus ends the ballad of Bartleme Fair--o.



REPENTANCE.

TUNE.

"In April when Primroses paint the sweet plain."

"THE dictates of Nature prove school knowledge weak;
"Does not Instinct beyond all the orators speak?
"From their parts of speech we'll not borrow one part,
"Our lips, without words, find the way to the heart.

Thus as last night I sung, with my lass on my knee,
Methought one below, hoarse enquired for me;
We listen'd and heard him, his breathing seem'd scant,
And up stairs he stepp'd with asthmatical pant.

The door op'ning wide, solus enter'd the sprite,
Black and all black his dress, sable emblem of Night.
His livid lips quiver'd, pronouncing my name,
And, head and staff shaking declar'd me to blame.

Repentance (quoth he) *won't admit of delays,*
I insist, from this moment, you alter your ways.
As I star'd at him, slily, my bottle I hid,
Then punct'ally promis'd to do as he bid.

With unkerchief'd neck, sparkling eyes, and loose hair,
Her gown, single pinn'd, burst from closet my fair;
There she fled when the fright first appeared in the room,
Then fell at his feet in the health of Love's bloom.

So graceful she knelt, and so tender her tone,
Then she sent such a look, Silver-beard was her own.
I saw his eye twinkle, blood flatter'd his face,
He fondly, tho' feebly, essay'd an embrace.

I left them, and, just as I fancy'd, the churl
Made a strengthless attempt to be rude with my girl.
She shriek'd, I rush'd in as he strove to escape,
And the Watch took *Repentance* away for a rape.

Ever since when we wanton in rapt'rous embrace,
The reproach-bearing-wretch dares not shew us his face.
May each fond of each, thus enjoyment improve,
Be henceforth *Repentance* a stranger to *Love*.

RURAL FELICITY.

TUNE.
"On Market-day last, I remember the time."

LET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,
That man is a monarch for me,
Who chearful improves the few acres he owns,
Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night, in high health, from his labour he rests,
His houshold sit round in a row,
Wife, children, and servants, domestical guests,
Such circles in town can ye shew?

He smiles on his babes, as some strive for his knee,
And some to their mother's neck cling,
While playful the prattlers for place disagree,
The roof with their shrill trebles ring.

Those Cynics who brood o'er a single life's spleen,
The offspring they have dare not own,
But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene
To you ye unsocials unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus address'd:—
'Twas so with us when we were young:
Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

I remember the day of my falling in love,
How fearful I first came to woo;
I hope that these boys will as true-hearted prove.
And our lasses, my dear, look like you.

A tear of joy starting, he kiss'd from her cheek,
Love gratefully glowing her face,
Too full her fond heart, not a word cou'd she speak,
But, sighing, return'd his embrace.

'Tis by such endearments affection is shewn,
In silence more nobly express'd,
Than all the cant phrase, the *Bon Ton* of the town,
Where Love is a Monmouth-street guest.

Go on ye high births, and pretend to despise
Those scenes which to you are unknown;
But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise,
And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters be mute, I'll a Sentiment give,
A Toast which esteem will not scorn;
May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive,
And Tenderness meet a return.

THE TIMES.

TUNE.
"Once on a time, 'twas long ago."

GOOD people all, both great and small,
And eke, and aye, and also;
Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,
And then I need not bawl so.
There was a Time, when Times were good,
The ancient Bard in rhyme sings;
So use Time well, 'tis Time we should,
We should so, did we time things.

But out of Time, and out of Tune,
We helter skelter go forth;
Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,
Good lack-a-day, and so forth.
We give great folks the greatest crimes,
They can afford to father 'em,
But so impartial are the Times,
We're guilty, *omnium gatherum*.

Fox-hunting, boldly Bucks embrace,
But Sportsmen of discernment,
Abroad will chuse a Nabob's Chace,
Or hunt at home Preferment.
To hunt the Statesman, who's in play,
When Patriots cast-about, Sir,
A Pension stops the Hark-away,
And so the Field's flung out, Sir.

In such place-tempting Times as these,
Upright be our intentions;
Ill fare the Loon who first took Fees,
And him who first paid Pensions.
Yet Sine-cures we'll not abuse,
Nor their illustrious Givers,
We quarrel now, 'cause we can't chuse
Who shou'd be the Receivers.

Dear Englishmen and Country-folks,
Don't give yourselves uneas'ness,
Nor mind the flouts, the shouts, the jokes,
But only mind your bus'ness.
Wou'd one mind one, the Kingdom thro',
And work within his station,
At home he'll find enough to do,
And not undo the Nation.

So to conclude, and make an end,
Of this nice-diction'd ditty,
Indeed 'tis Time, the Times shou'd mend,
In Country, Court, and City.
For our good *Queen* our song we'll sing,—
May she ne'er wake nor sleep ill;
And next, my lads,—God bless the *King*,
And all his faithful people.

AD INFINITUM.

TUNE.
"Which nobody can deny."

SINCE Life's but a jest, let us follow this rule—
There's-nothing so pleasant as playing the Fool;
In town we may practice, as well as at school,
Which nobody can deny.

The World turns about, the same things o'er and o'er;
We fool it; our forefathers fool'd it before:
They did what we do, which our sons will encore.

Life's but a half-holiday, lent us to stare;
We wander, and wonder, in Vanity's fair;
All baby-like bawling for each bauble there.

If Denial shou'd follow a Lover's request,
Like a tooth-cutting child he's a troublesome guest,
Till the chit by his deary is hush'd to her breast.

When Discontents dare against Court-service riot,
The Minister, nurse-like, prepares proper diet;
They've Pensions for Pap, then the urchins are quiet.

We, Children-like, covet the glitter of gay things,
Make racquet for ribbonds, and such sort of play-things
Which we cannot have tho'—without we can say things.

But before we can say, we shou'd see how things go,
If the Market is high, or Majority low,
Then, just at the selling-price, give *Yes*, or *No*.

We take, or are all in our turns taken in;
The World, to be sure, 'tis a shame and a sin,
Might soon be much better,—but who will begin.

Each age has its folly, ours is dissipation,
Enfeebling—but why all this dull declamation!
If weaken'd, we'll drink to the Strength of the Nation.

Allowing things wrong, Sir, which way shall we right 'em?
'Tis *Taste* to hear *good things*, 'tis *taste* to slight 'em:
It was, is, and will be so, *ad Infinitum*,
Which nobody can deny.

THE RAREE SHEW.

TUNE.

"Now we're free from College Rules."

THE Town's a Raree-Shew some say,
A rare Shew for projectors:
What pity 'tis, we spoil the play
For want of better Actors.
But sometimes in, and sometimes out,
'Tis so upon all stages;
Folks will not mind what they're about,
But only mind the Wages.

Among the imitative arts,
Chief is an Actor's science:
Expressive Heads, and feeling Hearts,
With Nature form alliance.
Behind the scenes, tho' *Party* rage,
Caprice and *Adulation*,
With *Slander*—but we know the Stage
Shou'd represent the Nation.

A Representative indeed !—
As Players make believe, Sir,
In this World's Drama, to succeed,
'Tis as you can deceive, Sir.
You may be caught, by face or dress,
Before you come to know folks;
But thee the Counterfeits confess,
They're all—but only Shew-Folks.

Most aim great Characters to hit,
Pride spouts as *Public Spirit*,
Pert *Dullness* is mistook for *Wit*,
And Silence want of *Merit*.
Some study the Informer's arts,
Then Power their side espouses;
Some play the Pimps, and Flatterers parts,
In hopes to have full houses.

We title this same Droll we shew,
The *Humours of the Nation*—
Extremely high, extremely low,
Endemic Dissipation.
The *World!*—What by that word we mean,
Is self and self's disguises;
A busy, lazy, Lottery Scene,
Where Folly fills up Prizes.

Whate'er we think, whate'er we say,
Whate'er we are pursuing,
Is o'er and o'er the self-same play
Of doing and undoing.
Life's vegetation ripes and rots,
'Till dust to dust returning;
So let us sprinkle well our spots,
And drink from Night to Morning.



ELIXIR L'ARGENT.

TUNE.
"Pretty Peggy of Windsor."

THO' with puffs daily papers are cramm'
With antidotes for ev'ry ail,
I'll shew a specific not shamm'd, Sir,
A Nostrum which never can fail.
The Drop and Pill
May heal or kill,
As Doctors on Doctors have done;
But snug and sure,
To work a cure,
Apply th' *Elixir l'Argent.*

For weak consciences 'tis an *Emetic*;
A *Restorative* for a lost fame;
If fear gravels you, this *Di'retic*
Discharges each symptom of shame.
Like Achilles from Styx,
No wound will fix,

When this *Unguentum* is on,
Nay, chuse to anoint
Ev'n Justice's point,
'Tis blunt by *Elixir l'Argent.*

Tis a *Stiptic* to stop maiden's scruples,
An *Opiate* makes jealousy rest;
Tis a *Lecture* where all men are pupils,
Art and science without it a jest.
Be witty, be wise,
Win Learning's prize,
This *Recipe* want you're undone:
Merit vainly may strive,
No genius can thrive,
But the genius who gets the *l'Argent.*

His Honour demurs to a hearing,
The Agent demurs to his plan,
The Witness demurs to his swearing,
And Madam demurs to her man;
Yet each sick breast
Demurs digest,
Secundum artem they're gone,
When a *Quantum suff.*
Is took of the stuff,
Elixir nouveau de l'Argent.

When sickness voluptuousness seizes,
The medical corps in array,
Sword by side take the field 'gainst diseases,
And, Swiss-like, give battle for pay.
Not a word of *Self*,
Accepting the pelf,
That lesson the learned ne'er con,
But faith we're flamm'd,
We might dye and be damn'd,
But for our *Elixir l'Argent.*

HERE GOES.

TUNE.
"To sigh or complain,"

COME care-curing *Mirth*
From *Wit*'s bower forth,
Bring *Humour*, your brother, along,
Hospitality's here,
And *Harmony* near,
To chorus droll *Sentiment*'s song.

In Comedy trim,
Joke, *Gesture*, and *Whim*,
With Trios will keep up the ball;
By order of *Taste*
We open the feast
Of *Friendship* in *Liberty-hall*.

Who'll President be?
Unanimity, see
He's order'd to sit as our host;
My Lord *Common Sense*,
With pains and expence,
Introduc'd him to give out the toast.

Tho' Scandal we hate,
Only Good we hold great,
Nor any for Title's-sake praise;
Unworthy's that name,
No Merit can claim,
But what Genealogies raise.

In this *Anno Dom*, we
Wou'd Felicity see,

I'll demonstrate how easy we cou'd:
Change fault-finding elves
To mending ourselves,
Then things might soon be as they shou'd

Some Wives read their mates
Curtain-Lectures, debates
And wonder they're not understood;
The Husband's perplex'd,
And the Lady is vex'd.
'Cause every thing's not as it shou'd.

If Pension, or place,
Is the gift of His Grace,
Refusal wou'd be over-nice,
Plum-pudding on board,
And press'd by my Lord,
Who wou'd not come in for a slice?

Corruption's the cry,
Opposition runs high,
Yet who can help laughing to see,
Tho' Faction's so big
Ambo Tory and Whig,
In *one part* both Parties agree.

For the Kingdom of Man,
Division's the plan,
By the laws of the Cyprian Court,
The Ladies must yield,
When our Standard we weild,
And what we advance they support.

For a Bumper I call,—
Here's the *Sov'reign* of *All*,
The Spring from which all honour flows,
From thence we all came,
So we go to that same,
Here's to it, and to it, *Here goes*.

DICK AND DOLL.

TUNE.
"I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean toss'd."

AS one bright summer's sultry day,
For sake of shade I sought the grove;
Thro' thickset-hedge, on top of hay,
I met with mutual Love:
A Youth with one arm round his pretty Girl's waist,
On small swelling breasts he his other hand plac'd,
While she cry'd *Dick be still,*
Pray tell me what's your will?

"I come (quoth Dick) to have some chat,"
And close to hers, his lips he squeez'd;
"I guess (cries Doll) what you'd be at,
"But now I won't be teaz'd."
She strove to rise up, but his strength held her down,
She call'd out for help! and petition'd the Clown,
"O Dick, dear, let me rise,
"The Sun puts out my eyes.

"I'll tear your soul out!—Lord! these men,
"If ever——well—I won't submit.——
"Why? what? the Devil!—Curse me then!—
"You'll fling me in a fit."
Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd aslant,
Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became scant,
And, feebly, on her tongue
Expiring accents hung.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,
The breeze blew rustling thro' the grove,
Sweet smelt the hay, on new-mown meads,
All seem'd the scene of Love.

Dick offer'd to lift up the Lass as she lay.
A look, full of tenderness, told him to stay;
" So soon Dick will you go?
" I wish——dear me!—heigh ho!"

Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,
Her tucker trembling to and fro',
Her crimson'd cheeks, her glist'ning eyes,
Proclaim'd Possession's glow.
Dick bid her farewell, but she, languishing, cry'd,
As wanton she play'd by her fall'n Shepherd's side;
" A moment! pray sit still,
" Since now you've had your will."

" Lord! (cries the Girl) you hasty men,
" Of Love afford but one poor proof;
" Our Fowls at home, each Sparrow Hen,
" Is ten times better off.—
" No! that you shou'd not, had I known your design,
" But, since you've had your will, pray let me have mine;
" So, once more, e'er we rise,
" Do, dear Dick, save my eyes."

A SIMPLE PASTORAL.

TO A VERY SIMPLE TUNE OF
" Christmas now is coming."

AURORA, Lady grey,
Hides her face in blushes;
Budding, blanching May,
Whitens hawthorn bushes.

See the Clouds transparent,
See the Sunshine rising;
London Rakes, I warrant,
Wou'd think this surprizing.

See the Sturdy Swains,
Trenching-ploughs are holding;
Some on pebbly plains,
Last nights pens unfolding.

How the Swine-yards woo?
How the Herds are lowing?
While the Pigeons coo,
Barn-door fowls are crowing.

Here are *Flora*'s dressings,
Air-fill'd perfume here is,
Here *Pomona*'s blessings,
Here the gifts of *Ceres*.

Hark! the tinkling Rills,
And the bubbling Fountains;
Cascade o'er the hills,
Tumble down the mountains.

See! at welcome Wakes,
Shew-folks Fire-eating;
While, with Ale and Cakes,
Jack his *Girl* is treating.

Hark! the distant Drum,
Lasses all look frighted;
But, when Soldiers come,
Girls how you're delighted.

Night her shutters closing,
All the Village still is,
Save where, unreposing,
Captain calls on *Phillis*.

While she lets her Spark in,
Shooting Stars are sailing,
Farmer's Dogs are barking,
Comets dreadful trailing.

For to Scholars thinking,
Omens must be telling;
Whether worlds are sinking,
Or if waists are swelling.

But, my Lads and Lasses,
Mind a friend's advisings,
Let us fill our glasses
To our Falls and Risings.

THE QUESTION.

TUNE.

"To please me the more, and to change the dull scene."

SUPPOSE Twelve has struck, wherefore pray all this fuss?
Next time 'twill strike less, what are Hours to us?
Let the Sun rule the day, and the Moon mark the night;
Without Rules, or Schools, sure we know when we're right.

The Inf'rence from hence which I draw, but first drink,
A Bumper's the best preparation to think:
I infer, nay affirm, and with me you must join,
Life's not Life without Love, Love's not Love without Wine.

This Truth I'll maintain, thus maintaining my post,
And give in this bumper a Truth for my toast.—
I'm sure to be pledg'd by each Lass-loving Youth,
Here's a Brusher, my Bucks, to the fam'd *naked Truth.*

At first we are into this world pull'd and teaz'd;
At our getting, Papa and Mamma may be pleas'd;
But as to us Babes, Nature's multiplication,
Begot for diversion, we're born in vexation.

We are Fools in green youth, mankind ripe into Knaves,
Grey hairs turn to Money, or Mistresses Slaves;
To our burial from birth, passive objects of *Fear*,
Keep the door shut, and don't let that *Scrub* slip in here.

Let Ill-will abuse us, Hypocrisy bawl,
Vain-zeal the cry join, we join laugh 'gainst them all;
Self-denial may sermonize, Temperance teaze,
We live as we like—let them live as they please.

Our Voyage is pleasure, Hope hoists up the Sail,
Our Pilot is Instinct, Desire the Gale;
To Beauty we're bound, we've Bacchus on board,
Our Guns by Love loaded, *Enjoyment*'s the Word.



THE CONNOISSEUR.

TUNE—"MASKS ALL."

TO excel in *Bon Ton*, both as Genius and Critic,
And be quite the thing, Sir, *Immense Scientific*;
On all exhibitions give sentence by guess,
With shrugs and stolen phrases that sentence express.
Sing tantararara Taste all.

The money you squander your judgement confirms,
You need not know Science, repeat but the terms;
The labour of Learning belongs to the poor,
Do but pay—that's enough for a True *Connoisseur*.

As to *Shakespeare*, or *Purcell*, why you may allow
They were *well-enough once—but they will not do now*,
Admit *Newton*'s clever, just clever,—that's all;
And formerly, faith, we might fancy *White-hall*.

When Lord of the Feast, 'midst your Parasite-Group,
You're the slave of Conceit, and low Forgery's dupe;
All artists (but English ones) praise and procure,
By your band of Bear-leaders you're dubb'd *Connoisseur*.

For Words, when you're lost, fill the blank with Grimace,
And Pantomime Scorn by your power of Face;
If Merit dares speak, and he's known to be poor,
Knock him down with a Bett, then your triumph's secure.

With high-varnish'd masters, and bronz'd bustos grac'd,
Your house, like a toy-shop, is lumber'd in Taste,
All, all are Antiques, *Ciceroni* procures,
For who dares deceive such complete *Connoisseurs*?

The Worth of a man, say the Wise, is his Pence:
'Twas said so, and so it will centuries hence,
Then Money's *the thing*, the Grand Pimp that procures,
Full work for the Wits, when she forms *Connoisseurs*.
Sing tantararara Taste all.

THE SONGSTER'S HORN-BOOK.

TUNE—"ALLY CROKER."

GREAT A was alarm'd at B's bad behav'our,
Because he refus'd C, D, E, F, favour,
G, got a Husband, with H, I, K, and L,
M, marry'd *Mary* and scholars taught to spell.
A b c d e f g h i k l m, &c.

It went hard at first with N, O, P, and Q,
With R, S, T, *single* and also *double* U;
With X and Y it stuck in their gizzards,
'Till they were made friends by the Two crooked
Izzards.

This A, B, C, tho' so little it is thought about,
Each Change in the World, by its power has brought
about;
'Tis the ground-work of Wisdom, of Science the
key, Sir,
What can a man know, who don't know A B C? Sir.

Some Fiddlers, in dress, pretend to ape their betters,
They had better mind their Horn-book and study all
their letters;
Their Knowledge now no farther goes, from A B C,
Sir,
To the four more letters call'd, D, E, F, and G, Sir.

As to Words 'tis not worth while to mind their pre-
cision,
If we thro' the Gamut can run a division;
The Annals of England, to our shame, will tell ye,
That *Newton* was nothing to fine *Farinelli*.

How ravishing that swell! what sweet *Symphonina?*
What *Cantabilis?* what *Taste? Ah cara divina!*
O chigusto the voice of *Signior Sustinuti,*
Miltonic the language of *Tace titti tutti.*

As insects will cluster round pots full of honey,
Imported illiberals swarm for our money,
Sense is scar'd off by Sound, and Trash over Taste glories,
Only Shew 'tis succeeds now, *O Tempora, O Mores!*

This A B C excuse without *Ceremoni,*
My hoarse voice and harmony is not *Unisoni;*
If you censure my singing, for censure is free, Sir,
As a Songster, remember, I'm but in A B C, Sir.
A b c d e f g h i k l m, &c.

COMMON SENSE.

TUNE.

"One morning young Roger accosted me thus."

ONE night having nothing to do—nor to drink,
I began a new practice, and that was to think;
What my subject shou'd be, kept me some time in doubt,
I consider'd, at last—*what we all were about.*

Such frauds and such fractions, such follies, such fictions,
Such out-of-door clamours, and in contradictions;
What must this be owing to? why? or from whence?
What is it we want?—why, we want *Common Sense.*

O yes! who can tell us where *Common Sense* dwells?
Does it burnish Gold Roofs, or strew Rushes in Cells?
Does it beam in the Mine? does it swim in the Sea?
Does it wing the wide Air? does it blossom the Tree?

If folks wou'd accept *Common Sense* as their guest,
With *Meum* and *Tuum* at home they'll be bless'd;
Not Lunatic Lacqueys run mad up and down,
Nor mind any business but what was their own.

But which is the way to find *Common Sense* out?
She feasts not on Turtle;—cuts in at no rout?—
Get the Tub Cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind expence,
But look by its lights 'till we spy *Common Sense.*

If chance she is seen, tho' for fear we mistake her,
She's natively neat, like a lovely young Quaker,
Pure Beauty, despising false Drapery's aid,
And *Common Sense* scorns all pedantic parade.

Let us first call at Court, but, perhaps, we intrude,
'Twas told so by Miss *Affectation*, the Prude;
There Fashion forbids the free use of the mind,
What can *Common Sense* say in a place so refin'd?

Then at Church! to be sure, *Common Sense* there succeeds,
Unless *Superstition* should choak it with weeds;
And tho' *Infidelity* dares a pretence,
She's easily vanquish'd by plain *Common Sense.*

When I mention'd the Church, you expected at least,
In the common-place mode, some stale joke 'gainst a *Priest*;
That a laugh I shou'd raise, at the Clergy's expence,
But he who wou'd wish it, must want *Common Sense.*

As to Trade, no accounts can be well kept without her,
Yet Stock-jobbers say they know nothing about her.
Bear witness 'Change-Alley—the *Omniums* declare,
Common Sense shall for ever be *under Par* there.

Come, I'll give you a Toast, if I give no offence—
Here's the Sensitive Plant, and the Root *Common Sense*.
Here's Love's Magic Circle, which all Senses binds,
And Delicate Pleasures to Sensible Minds.

A FORE-CASTLE SONG.

TUNE.
"How happy cou'd I be with either."

DO you see, as a Sailor, I'll heave off
A bit of a song in my way,
But, if you don't like it I'll leave off,
I soon can my bawling belay.
Odd Lingos Musicianers write in,
Concerning *Flats*, *Sharps*, and all that;
We Seamen are *sharp* in our fighting,
And as to the Frenchmen they're *flat*.

Outlandish folks tickle your ears
With Solos, and such sort of stuff,
We Tars have no more than Three Cheers,
Which French folks think music enough.
Through *Canada* loudly 'twas rung,
Then echoed on *Senegal*'s shore,
At *Gaudaloupe* merrily sung,
And *Martinique* chorus'd Encore.

At *Havre* we play'd well our parts,
Tho' our Game they pretended to scoff,
For Trumps we turn'd up English Hearts,
They threw down their Cards and sheer'd off.
They have met with their match now they feel,
Their *Shuffling* and *Cutting* we check;
They were *lurch'd* at *Crown Point*, and lost *Deal*,
And faith they got *slamm'd* at *Quebec*.

Our Music gave French folks the vapours,
It took an odd turn on *Conflans*;
We knew they were all fond of Capers,
So set up an old English Dance.
'Twas *Britons strike home* that we sounded,
By the strength of that tune they were trounc'd,
The *Tididols* looking confounded,
While *Hawke* faith their feather-heads pounc'd.

Our instruments always do wonders,
From Round-tops we give serenades;
Our *Organs* are twenty-four pounders,
Our *Concerts* are brisk Cannonades.
For Cooks, thof the French folks are neater,
Our messes they never can beat,
Our Dishes have so much Salt-petre,
And as to our *Balls* they're *forc'd-meat*.

God bless our *King George*, with Three Cheers, Sirs,
And God bless his *Consort*, Amen.
In past times we've drubb'd the Mounseers, Sirs,
For pastime we'll drub them again.
There's one thing I have more to say,—Tho'
Beyond seas, my boys, we'll o'ercome,
If you'll give *Old England* fair play tho',
And keep yourselves quiet at home.



THE CABAL.

TUNE.

"Long time with the Graces fair Venus, &c."

WHY shou'd you, lov'd Sensible, shou'd you be pale,
The portrait of Grief you appear;
You look like yon' Lily that droops in the vale,
With my lips let me wipe off that tear.

Disdain a reply to Malignity's tongue,
Let Patience to Clamour submit;
It is better that Slander shou'd say you was wrong,
Than that you the wrong shou'd commit.

The Atheist, if really such madmen exist,
Belief will delirious decry,
In Infidel Doubtings pretend to persist,
What they cannot conceive they deny.

Thus some of your sex, old and ugly, will rail,
Like Atheists all goodness they doubt,
Insisting men may o'er all beauties prevail,
Because themselves could not hold out.

You must pardon the cry, think not strange what I say,
They Mercy from you must receive;
Be it known to your tenderness, 'tis the world's way,
Who injure will never forgive.

Smile, smile, and smile on, let Day beam on your face,
To Oblivion be Obloquy hurl'd;
By the best you're belov'd, thou fair figure of Grace,
So laugh at the rest of the world.

THE WHIM.

TUNE.

"If I ever shou'd know, and that knowledge impart."

THAT the World is a Stage, and the Stage is a School,
Where some study Knave's parts, and some play the Fool,
Was said, and again so we say;
For as the World's round, and rolls round about,
Old fashions come in, and new fashions go out,
As Vanity dresses the Play.

Do not seriously think of these whimsical times,
But sing or say something in whimsical rhimes,—
The World's but a Whim, and all that;
I mean not the world which revolves on the poles,
But the Animal World, that's made up of odd Souls,
The sons and the daughters of Chat.

For a new Exhibition their portraits we'll plan,
And Pen and Ink Likenesses sketch if we can,
Where all may their semblances see;
Tho' folks of fine breeding, immensely polite,
Their own faces finish, with Rouge and Flake White,
So leave no employment for me.

Let us tenderly take off those masks, and their cures
Attempt, by exposing such caricatures
In *Impartiality's* Hall;
But if the gall'd sinner shou'd wince at a line,
And cry, "Curse the fellow! the picture's not mine,"
The Prime-serjeant Painter I call.

Come, Satyr, assist me, my project is new.—
The Demi-beast, grinning, his range of reeds blew,
And this was his Symphony's Song:—
"Shou'd I sing of these Times, or in prose or in verse,
"Weak things, but not wicked ones I shou'd rehearse,
A medley betwixt Right and Wrong.

"This Æra is much too insipid for me,
"Futility's only in practice I see,
"Unworthy one stroke of my lash;
"The fashion is Folly, let Folly go on,
"To shew Sense subsides, and True Taste to *Bon Ton*,
"And Genius is banish'd for Trash."

Disdain frown'd his brow, redd'ning Rage his eyes cast,
Contempt o'er his countenance spread as he past,
No more Dissipation he'll school.
We'll be quite the thing then, as life's but a toy,
A bustle in which we can only enjoy
The Pleasure of playing the Fool.

THE SCURVY.

TUNE.

"E'er Phœbus shall peep on the fresh budding flow'rs."

EVE tempted to err, ill betide the sad time,
Ye modern wives pity her fall,
Since we her sons suffer for Grandmamma's crime,
The *Scurvy* has tainted us all.

To curb the contagion which putrifies here,
In vain have the Faculty try'd;
Its pestilent symptoms offensive appear
In vulgar Eruptions of Pride.

For all Pride is low, 'tis a Cancerous Brain,
A Poorness or Foulness of Blood;
The want of Sound Sense renders wretches insane
Who are lifted above what they shou'd.

Epidemic Prognostics appear in each State,
Where *Meanness* in office is plac'd,
Who *scurvily* ape the odd airs of the Great,
And fancy ill breeding is taste.

But when their high mighty Superiors approach,
The malady takes a new turn;
As abjectly then the base *Scurvy* things crouch,
As before they were bloated with scorn.

With *Artists* the *Scurvy* of *Envy* appears,
When Comates they coldly commend;
Nay, oft it breaks out in illiberal sneers,
And poisons the Fame of a Friend.

Shou'd *Genius* a visit to *Greatness* presume,
He's *scurvily* offer'd a Chair;
Disdain marks the *Things* in the Visiting-room,
Who wonder the *Fright* shou'd come there.

Be proud, if you please, ye gay Groups of Conceit,
Still flatter, be venal, and vain;
We know what ye feel, what ye pay for each treat,
And we know too—*Ye dare not complain.*

With unmeaning gaze pamper'd Wealth wheel'd along,
With the *Scurvy* of *Vanity* swell'd,
Took the snuff of Contempt at the more worthy throng,
By whom he's with pity beheld.

Come *meek-ey'd Humility*, lend me thy hand,
Humanity deign me thy aid,
Instruct me, that I may myself understand
Not to scorn those my MAKER has made.

THE DEMIREP;

OR,

I KNOW WHO.

TUNE.

"Tho' Austria and Russia, France, Flanders, and Prussia."

CLEOPATRA the gay, as old stories declare,
Put *Mark Anthony* oft to the rout:
That the Lover was fond, and the Lady was fair,
No modern among us will doubt.

But yet I insist
Our own Times are the best,
Antiquity! what can that do, Sir?
Cou'd *Livia*, or *Lais*,
Faustina, or *Thais*,
Compare to the fine ——— *I know who, Sir?*

Let Placemen receive, and let Patriots oppose,
And raise unforgiving dissentions;
A Mistress's Arms is the Post I wou'd chuse,
A Bottle and Friend are my Pensions.
Preferments at Court
Are Ministers sport,
When they see what to gain them folks do, Sir;
They may Boroughs command,
I wish only to stand
As Member for fine ——— *I know who, Sir.*

Possessors, Assessors, envelope the mind
With Ethics of old *Aristotle;*
The Lesson of Nature, to tutor Mankind,
Is—Beauty sublim'd by a Bottle.
The best in the College,
Who boast of their Knowledge,
The *Science Supreme* never knew, Sir,
Unless they can prove,
That a Lecture of Love
They have had with the fine ——— *I know who, Sir.*

You this or that system embrace or reject,
As Philosophy's fashion is ruling;
But look in her face and you'll find an effect
Beyond Electricity's fooling.
Tho' sparks there arise,
What are they to her eyes?

And as to what touching can do, Sir,
It is all but a joke,
When compar'd to the stroke
That is given by fine —— *I know who, Sir.*

The atoms of *Cartes* Si. *Isaac* destroy'd;
Lebnitz pilfer'd our Countryman's Fluxions;
Newton found out Attraction, and prov'd Nature's *void*,
Spite of prejudic'd *Plenum*'s constructions.
Gravitation can boast,
In the form of my Toast,
More power than all of them knew, Sir;
What FELLOW, or SOPH,
Will in Tangents fly off
From the Center of fine —— *I know who, Sir.*

Ye sensible Socials who dare, now and then,
To laugh at some Folks in this Nation,
'Tis Beauty which sculptures us Blocks into Men,
To beauty then make a Libation.
Poor Lovers may prize,
Lips, Legs, Arms, and Eyes,
Such piece-meal pretensions won't do, Sir?
No *Part* shall be lost
When I mention my Toast,—
"Here's the WHOLE of the fine——*I know who, Sir.*"

MAY.

TUNE.

"A beautiful Face, and a Form without Fault."

BLEAK Winter is drove, by warm winds, to the North,
And Spring's early pencil gay colours the Earth;
Each Blossom expands its pied leaves to the Day,
Creation's new cloath'd in the Livery of May.

As thus, in Soliloquy, rambling along,
I look'd tow'rds the Wood, there I heard a sweet Song;
The Leaves gently fann'd to and fro' by the breeze,
The Air a soft Symphony play'd thro' the trees.

As a Hound after Hare the long meadow o'erleaps,
It was something like Love which gave speed to my steps;
I beat thro' the Thicket, upon the Game sprung,
And too soon had a view of the Syren who sung.

Oh! how my heart beat, how alarm'd was my pride,
To behold a young Rustic fix'd close at her side;
They toy'd and they prattled, 'twas innocent play,
Their rosy cheeks spoke all the warmth of new *May*.

The Lad and the Lass look'd like *Eden's* first pair,
And I, scowling, stood just as *Satan* did there;
Her Tenderness hateful, his Fondness as bad,
But their give-and-take Kissings,—O God!—I grew mad.

I turn'd from the sight, then return'd in despair,
And pretended a cure by despising the Fair;
On both bestow'd curses, went raving away,
But I stopp'd at each step, nor cou'd go, nor cou'd stay.

Home heavily sighing, I halted along,
Each Bird jarr'd my Head with its out-of-tune Song:
The late pleasing Landscapes appear'd in decay,
The Scene to *December* was chang'd from new *May*.

In my books I expected some Nostrum to find,
But *Learning* to *Love* has small share in the Mind;
No Morals I met there the wonder cou'd work,
But Instinct suggested—to draw a long Cork.

As Sorrow is dry, the best thing I cou'd do,
To make my Cure perfect, was—drawing out Two:
So Wine before Wenching hereafter I'll say,
For Wine's good in all Months, as well as in *May*.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

TUNE.

"I am a young Damsel that flatters myself."

ALL things have their Time by the Hebrew King's rule;
What pity a Wise Man wou'd e'er play the Fool.
Yet weak was that Sage, who when long past his prime,
Attempted with beautiful Girls to keep Time.
All was *Vanity* then, and *Vexation* his text,
To be sure he was vain, and his women were vex'd.

On his own Times how wisely King Solomon spoke,
But Wisdom, in our Times, is rather a Joke.
Who's to blame? 'tis not clear, whether we or our guides,
But equally things are ill-timed on all sides.
Like Witlings, who sacrifice all to their fun,
We our errors enjoy, and rejoice we're undone.

There's a Time to be right, for some Time we've been wrong;
There's a Time for a Speech, and a Time for a Song.—
As to Song-making, somebody told me the way,
Since I nothing cou'd do, how I something shou'd say.
A wish still to do, has my doings out-sped,
And all I have left, alas! lumbers my Head.

Superannuate Socials, like me, leave the Lass,
Pursue the sole sport which we're fit for,—the Glass.
Be not bubbled by self, nor be Flattery's dupes,
Nor attempt at Intrigue when Ability droops.
At impotent Keepers we've pointed with scorn,
Avoid the same vice,—be not laugh'd at in turn.

Turn'd the corner of *Forty*, 'tis Time to give way;—
But *Women* to *Wine* change, and still we've our Day.
Doctor *Bibbibus* says, whether *Flask* or *Scotch Pint*,
As Oil to the Head, Wine the Soul will annoint.
Embrace then the Bottles, hug closely your Quarts;—
May we have in our Arms what we love in our Hearts.



MUTUAL LOVE.

TUNE.
" As Chloe on flowers reclin'd," &c.

ON a Brook's grassy brink, in the Willow's cool shade,
The Primroses pressing, a Damsel was laid;
She smil'd on the tide that roll'd limpid along,
Beholding herself, to herself sung this song.—

The 'Squire's fine Lady last night he brought home;
What! tho' in such gay clothes from London she's come,
Had I costly fashions as well shou'd I seem,
For fairer my Face is, if Truth's in this stream.

Thro' Church-yard, on Sunday, as slowly I tread,
While gaping Louts, grinning, on tombstones are spread,
I hear how they praise me, I keep on my way,
And, down-looking, seem not to heed what they say.

Sometimes Lords and Captains, all over perfume,
Will stop me, and tell me, I'm Beauty in Bloom.
That I rival the Rose,—that I'm whiter than Snow:
I simper, and simply say—*Don't jeer one so.*

They've press'd me, they've promis'd, nay offer'd me gold,
Sometimes (I assure them) they've strove to be bold;
They've talk'd of my Treasure, they've call'd it a Gem,
To be sure so it is, but it is not for them.

No! no! 'tis for him, and 'tis only his part,
Who's the Man of my Hope, and the Hopes of my Heart;
Who friendly instructs me, who fondly can play,
And his Eyes always speak what his Wishes wou'd say.

The ranging Bee sweets from the honey-cup sips,
As sweet I taste Love from the Touch of his Lips;
Oft' my cheek on the Fleece of my Lambkins I rest,
But cold is that pillow compar'd to his breast.

'Tis here for my Fair one!—her Lover reply'd,
O'er the hedge as he leap'd, and light dropp'd at her side;
She started! a moment Life's bloom left her face,
But quick 'twas recall'd by the warmth of embrace.

She, languishing lay in Love's tenderest scene,
And question'd the Rambler where 'twas he had been?
Why so he wou'd fright her.—She'd scold him she vow'd,
But a Kiss was his plea, and that plea was allow'd.

'Till by Kisses o'ercome, to his transports she yields,
The landscapes were lost, and forgot were the fields;
Each felt those Sensations *Susceptibles* prove,
Who, mutually melting, exchange *mutual Love.*

THE VETERAN.

TUNE.

"Give us Glasses my Wench."

TURN'D of Forty!—what then?—why 'twixt
That and Threescore,
All the days of our lives let us live,
We only ask Health, not a moment hope more,
Than what Nature undoctor'd will give.

Non sum qualis eram, in School-master's Lore,
Is, *our Cake we can't have when 'tis eat;*—
Do not turn to past views, but new ground gallop o'er,
Nor pull up, for 'tis Time enough yet.

Ulysses at Forty Queen *Circe* embrac'd,
When older *Calypso* cou'd move,
Ætherials pronounc'd him a Man to their Taste,
He had Health, Understanding, and Love.

The *Boys* of this Time ne'er to Manhood arise,
As Shrubs cannot strengthen to Trees.
Affectation Ability's *Vacuum* supplies,
E'er of Age, they are old by Disease.

Insipid Emaciates each public place throng.—
As Trinkets on Watch-chains are worn,
By fine Women's sides, shewy, rattl'ing along,
The Fops are for fashion-sake born.

Those Mode-made-up Things, flutter lifehood away,
Abortions of what Britons were:
Perpetually talk, tho' they've nothing to say,
Their looks are but Vacancy's stare.

As nothing they think on, so nothing they do,
But only rise up, and lye down;
Inexpletive paths Dissipation pursue,
And hue and cry Life thro' the town.

In the pause of Embrace practis'd Beauties aver,
That *Wit* keeps *Desire* alive;
No wonder they sensible *Forty* prefer
To *Folly* and faint *Twenty-five.*

No *Chronics* my muscular bulwarks invade,
Within, *prima via* is right:
Constitution I never a Bankrupt have made,
So can pay Beauty's Bill upon Sight.

It is true we are old,—old companions we've been:
Yet sound in our Heads, and our Hearts,
Let Wine, Wit, and Women, but open the Scene,
We still can go on with our parts.

While prompted by natural vigour to play,
We act thus, encore and encore.
The warning-bell rung, we've no business to stay,
Valete, the Farce faith is o'er.

A NEW ROAST BEEF.

TO THE OLD TUNE.

NOW Old England's Flag is Commander in Chief,
With Monsieur our Monarch's turn'd o'er a new leaf,
Down, down with French Dishes, up, up with Roast Beef.

O the Roast Beef, &c.

In Flat-bottoms, slily, those schemers were coasting,
They threaten'd Invasion, but spite of their boasting,
No ribs of Roast Beef had they; but a Rib roasting.

While good English Beef, and good English Brown Beer,
Please our tastes, and each day on our tables appear,
What more can we hope for, or what can we fear?

The Spaniards once strove, by the strength of their Guns,
To make us keep Lent, and to turn our Girls Nuns,
But we still roast our Beef, for we basted the Dons.

At Minorca indeed, tho' I speak it with grief,
Our Garrison fainted for want of relief,
They grew out of Hopes as they grew out of Beef.

But at Minden, well fed, why we there fac'd about,
Right and Left, Van and Rear, Foot and Horse, put to rout;
They wou'd be *in* our Beef—but, avast, they were *out*.

To plunder our Cupboards, France sent the Brest Fleet,
We a belly-full gave them without any meat;
They then sold their Plates 'cause they'd nothing to eat.

We came, saw, and conquer'd, the French Lilies droop,
Louisbourg, *Montreal*, *Martinique*, *Guadaloupe*,
Their Towns we toss'd up, just as they swallow Soup.

By the strength of our Beef we our Bulwarks maintain,
As Liberty's first-born, and Lords of the Main;
And those deeds are witness'd by *France* and by *Spain*.

All Knights, by their Titles, in Heraldry shine,
Nay, Writers Romantic have stiled some divine,
But what are their Sirs to *Old England's Sir-loin.*

Let us honour this Dish, 'tis in dignity chief,
For garnish will give it the noblest relief:
Here's LIBERTY,—LOYALTY,—AYE,—and ROAST BEEF.

O the Roast Beef, &c.

THE PIPE OF LOVE.

TUNE.
"Blest'd Age of Gold."

ONE Primrose Time a Maiden Brown,
Wishing for what we will not say,
By side of Shepherd sat her down,
And softly ask'd him, wou'd he play?
Mild shone the Sun thro' Redstreak Morn,
And glist'ning Dew-drops pearl'd the grass;
The Rustic, stretch'd beneath the thorn,
Grinning, reply'd—*I'll please thee Lass.*

All on the green field's turfy bed,
Smiling, the fond one fell along;
The thick-leaf'd shade her face o'erspread,
While, lisping, she began this song.—
"Tis Love which gives Life holidays,
"And Love I'll always take thy part;
"My Shepherd's pipe so sweetly plays,
"It finds the way to win my Heart.

" The Ladies dress'd with silks so fine,
" In golden chairs to visits go;
" On costly dishes they can dine,
" And ev'ry night see ev'ry shew.
" Yet, if 'tis true what I've heard speak,
" Those high degrees lead lonely lives;
" Husbands are willfull, Husbands weak,
" And seldom pipe to please their Wives."

Blue broke the clouds, the day yet young,
The flowers fragrant fill'd the breeze;
Wanton the Lass, half whisp'ring, sung,
Yes Shepherd—once more if you please.
Awaking from embrac'd delight,
She heard her Dame, and dar'd not stay;
They kiss, they part, but first—*at Night,*
She charg'd him, *come again and play.*

His Team to geer, home hy'd the Loon,
The love-cheer'd Lass blithe bore her Pail,
And thus she gave her ditty tune,
Tripping it deftly down the Dale.
" Tho' Organ Pipes play music fine,
" And Fountain Pipes folks run to see:
" Tho' thirsty Souls love PIPES of WINE,
" The *Pipe of Love's* the Pipe for me."



THE BRITON's WISH.

TUNE.—" DANIEL COOPER."

WOU'D you know the way that Eve
In Eden was caught tripping,
Arch SATAN 'twitch'd her by the sleeve,
And shew'd a Golden Pippin;
Tempted by the glitt'ring charm,
'Twas said she ill-us'd Adam,
And ever since the same alarm
Bewitches MISS and MADAM.

The Dad of *Danae* was a Dolt,
To lock a Woman's will in;
A *Guinea Shower* burst each bolt,
Miss op'd her lap for filling.
Ask Beauties, who for Chapmen wait,
What 'tis they chiefly wish for,
They'll own, tho' most men take their bait,
'Tis only Gold they fish for.

But why shou'd Women bear the blame,
When Men, both out and in, Sir,
Will gamble at the Golden Game,
Nor care they how they win, Sir.
Arts, Science, Office, Trade, confess
Mean mercenary dealings,
All Reas'ning Bipeds, more or less,
Shew selfish fellow-feelings.

Election Agents Truth disgrace,
They've made this an unsound age;
To Brothels brought fair Freedom's face,
And, Pandar-like, took poundage.
But henceforth Britons may we shew,
In Bribes no more our trust is,
But nobly independent go,
And only vote for Justice.

O THOU! from whom each Blessing springs,
Earth, Seas, and Skies Director,
To whom we owe the best of Kings,
Be his, be our Protector.
The Tyrant, arm'd with Terror's scourge,
Awes subject slaves t'approve him,
But *Free-born Britons* bow to GEORGE,
For in our hearts we love him.

Dear Liberty, Celestial Fire,
Remain here unconsuming;
May that spark catch, to Son from Sire,
From Age to Age illuming.
For this is ev'ry Briton's song,
This all we wish to be, boys;
Let Life be short, let Life be long,
But let that Life be *free*, boys.

NOT AS IT SHOU'D BE.

TUNE.
"If e'er I incline."

A Coxcomb once said
He had *Bet's* Maidenhead,
But 'twas false, as I told Mr. *Wou'd-be.*
His Doctor declar'd,
Impotency debarr'd,
The Fribble was not as he *shou'd* be.

As Beauty is us'd,
So Britannia's abus'd,
How many loud Coffee-house praters
Will boast of the weight
Which they have in the State,
And *wou'd be* the Nation's Dictators.

Such Creatures pretend
They can England befriend,
So attract or distract all about them;
That, *pon onner*, they know
How, *when*, *what*, and *also*,
And the Ministry can't do without them.

When Candidates bow,
Patriotic they vow
To honour, esteem, and adore us;
But chose, they change soon,
They are taught the Court Tune,
And chant in Majority's Chorus.

Reproach, if you please,
May impertinent teaze,
Rememb'rance attempt to awaken;
But th' answer is this,
I thought things amiss,
I really, my friend, was mistaken.

His Market is made,
We all live by Trade,
So buy or sell, Sirs—chuse you whether;
Rich and Poor 'tis the same,
Change-alley's the game,
A job! a sad job altogether!

Our Animal Stuff,
Is not made of Bomb Proof,
When Temptation's Artillery assails;
As the Batt'ries begin,
We're betray'd from within,
The Flesh over Spirit prevails.

Corruption!——that's hard—
But, from birth to church-yard,
What are we? but rotting along:
Folly moulders our Clay,
Each *Vice* has its Day,
But—good night—for I've done with my Song.

BEAUTY AND WINE.

TUNE.
"Attend all ye Fairs, I'll tell you the Art."

ONE day at her Toilet as *Venus* began
To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus stood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
Wou'd not help it, but hinder her Beauty.

A Bottle young Semele held up to view,
And begg'd she'd observe his directions—
This Burgundy, dear Cytharea, will do,
'Tis a Rouge that refines all Complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the Bumper she sips,
On his knees, the Buck begg'd she'd encore;
The Joy-giving Goddess, with Wine-moisten'd lips,
Declar'd she wou'd Hob Nob once more.

Out of Window each Wash, Paste, and Powder, she hurl'd,
And the God of the Grape vow'd to join;
Shook hands, sign'd and seal'd, then bid Fame tell the World,
The *Union* of *Beauty* and *Wine.*

A LOVE SONG.

TUNE.
"Genteel is my Damon, engaging his Air."

LET him fond of fibbing invoke which he'll chuse,
Mars, *Bacchus*, *Apollo*, or Madam the Muse;
Great names in the classical Kingdom of Letters,
But Poets are apt to make free with their Betters.

I scorn to say aught, save the thing which is true,
No Beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;
She has Charms upon Charms, such as few people may view,
She has Charms,—for the Tooth-ach, and eke for the Ague.

Her Lips;—she has two, and her Teeth they are white,
And what she puts into her mouth, they can bite;
Black and all Black her Eyes, but what's worthy remark,
They are shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in the dark.

Her Ears from her Cheeks equal distance are bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in hearing:
The Fall of her Neck's the Downfall of Beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the Head and the Shoulders.

Her Waist is—so—so, so waste no words about it,
Her Heart is within it, her Stays are without it;
Her Breasts are so pair'd--two such Breasts when you see,
You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Her Voice neither Nightingales, no! nor Canaries,
Nor all the wing'd warblers wild whistling vagaries:
Nor shall I to Instrument Music compare it,
'Tis likely, if you was not deaf you might hear it.

Her Legs are proportion'd to bear what they've carry'd,
And equally pair'd, as if happily marry'd;
But Wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her Spouse so she's serv'd when he throws them aside.

Not too Tall, nor too Short, but I'll venture to say,
She's a very good Size——in the Middling way.
She's—aye—that she is,—she is all, but I'm wrong,
Her ALL I can't say, for I've sung ALL my Song.

V

WHAT's THAT TO ME?

TUNE.

"The dainty Dames who trip along."

THE blue Clouds from the Skies are fled,
And Vapours cap the Mountain's Head;
The Lord of Day resigns his reign,
While Twilight ushers in her Train.
But, *what's all this to me?*

By Shepherds whist'ling o'er the Wold,
The Tink'ling Flocks are drove to fold;
Her brimming Pail the Milk-maid bears,
And hears her Love, or think she hears——
Yet *what's all this to me?*

From reeking Pools the Steams ascend,
Tall leafy Trees their shades extend;
Evening appears in matron grey,
And puts to blush the rakish Day.
Still, *what's all this to me?*

The flow'ry Beds have lost their bloom,
The Verdant Grove's conceal'd in gloom,
The Landscapes die upon the sight,
And chilly spreads the veil of Night.
Well! *what's all this to me?*

Tho' dismal birds begin to prowl,
The flitting Bat, the hooting Owl;
And Gloworms glimmer feeble rays,
The link-boys of the lightfoot Fays.
Why, *what's all this to me?*

Yes, yes, 'in truth, for when 'twas dark,
A light I spy'd, and bless'd the mark;—
I hemm'd, and quick the casement op'd
How leap'd my heart, my search was stopp'd.
And, *that was much to me.*

" Hist, (cries my fair one) softly creep,
" The old folks are both fast asleep,
" Lord! how our House-dog makes a din!
" But I'll steal down, and let you in."
Now, *what do you think of me?*

When safe we met, few words were said,
For fear by voice to be betray'd:—
So what was done I will not say,
'Twas Love look'd on, and bid us play.
But, *what is that to thee?*

Love's raptur'd Rites are secret Joys,
Profan'd by Sots and babbling Boys;
But we initiates never boast,
Fidelity's our general Toast.
Here's that my Friend to thee.

THE DAMN'D HONEST FELLOW.

TUNE.
" Old Woman at Grimstone."

AS a Choice-Spirit bred so I'll choisely behave,
My Bucks I'm damn'd honest and free;
As to Rules, they're for Fools; I'll be nobody's slave;
The Minister must do for me.

If he does not, nor cannot, for that's all the same,
But leaves me to sink or to swim;
If he won't do for me when I send in my name,
Why, damme then, I'll do for him.

If GEORGE did but tip me a Place, or a Post,
If I didn't clear all, I'll be curst.
I'll take care that nothing shall never be lost,
Of myself tho', I'll take care the first.

The Government's Tools to a Man I wou'd shift,
Corruption's the Nation's disgrace;
The Treasury's Lord, why I'll turn him adrift,
And whip myself plump in his place.

The National Debt I'll wet-spunge it away,
The *Sinking Fund* that I wou'd drown;
And when we bold Britons have nothing to pay,
Why then all our money's our own.

As to *Scotchmen*, I'll *scotch* them all off, never fear,
They are Jacobites all to a man;
Pray tell me what business have such fellows here?
I'm a Briton, and hate ev'ry Clan.

They have nothing to do with our Meat and our Drink,
I grant you they're clever, but still
We're ten times as clever, if we wou'd but think,
And one time or other we will.

Like Foxes I'll hunt Presbyterians to Church,
For zounds we'll be all orthodox;
The Subsidy Princes I'll leave in the lurch,
And stockjobbers set in the stocks.

Ye sweet smelling Courtlings of ribband and lace,
The spaniels of Power, and Bounty's disgrace,
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,
'Twas Passive-obedience lost *Liberty-Hall.*

But when Revolution had settl'd the crown,
And Natural Reason knock'd Tyranny down,
No frowns cloath'd with Terror appear'd to appal,
The doors were thrown open of *Liberty-Hall.*

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is *Justice*, her watch-word's be *free*;
Our King is our Countryman, Englishmen all,
GOD BLESS HIM, and bless us, in *Liberty-Hall.*

On vere is des All——Monsieur wants to know,
'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainbleau:
'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,'
For LIBERTY-HALL is an ENGLISHMAN'S HEART.
Derry down.

AMELIA.

TUNE.

" Ye Lasses who drive from the smoke of the Town."

ONE eve from Whist Table *Amelia* withdrew,
Join'd our Group, and she begg'd we'd explain—
Why year after year, by Wit's common-place Crew,
We are told Life's so short and so vain.
With a Look that spoke more than all *Cicero* said,
To me flew her order—I bow'd, and obey'd.

" Our Sex, my fair Curious, are Vanity's fools,
" On bubbles of Self-love we soar;
" However a patron may pension his tools,
" *Dependency* dodges for more.
" The Gross of Mankind are such near-sighted elves,
" As Trash they behold all the World,—but themselves.

" Illib'ral *Ingratitude* always will scold,
" *Expectancy's* ever in pain;
" *Abuse* gives her tongue, and you need not be told,
" The most worthless are always most vain.
" Like pure silent streams, *Merit* keeps in its place,
" Approach *Dunce's* torrent, *Froth* flies in your face.

" When you bless the day, with your figure and face,
" *Insensibles* seem to admire;
" By love's *Electricities*—*Beauty* and *Grace*,
" Ev'n *Dullness* is struck with desire.
" Life's not worth without you, one half day's expence,
" 'Tis a World without Sun, and a Soul without Sense.

" O! wou'd ye, *Ineffables*, wou'd you endure,
" To bestow upon Man a new birth;
" Your Forms are Specifics to furnish the cure,
" And eradicate *Folly* from Earth.
" To you, as our Sovereign, we offer our Hearts,
" And only are happy when you take our parts."

DOODLE DOO.

TUNE.
" Ev'ry where fine Ladies flirting.

YOUNGLINGS fond of Female Chaces,
Mount on Hopes in Wedlock's Races,
Some for Fortune, some for Faces.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Oh! th' extatic joys which flow, Sir,
When two souls congenial glow, Sir,
This above, and that below, Sir.

Each 'gainst each, like Wrestlers, twining,
Each with each engagement joining,
Now resisting, now resigning.

When imparadis'd they're pairing,
Ev'ry nerve stretch'd to its bearing,
Hardly knowing what nor wherein.

Fainting, panting—pulses thrilling—
She—obedient waits, and willing,
But he's out of breath with billing.

Fain the Fair wou'd fondly dally,
Looking Love—but he don't rally,
Rather seeming—shilly shally.

Kissing, smiling, she cries—*so! so!*
Go you naughty creature, go! go!
While he yawns out——*ah!—ah!—oh! oh!*

This indeed too often the case is,
Men will furious fall on Faces,
Then fall off into Disgraces.

All the work they make with wooings,
Couplings, changings, cursings, cooings,
Are but doodling doodle doings.

Falling back, then falling to, Sir,
We, like babies, beauties woo, Sir,
Love is—Cock a doodle do, Sir.
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

THE HUMBUG.

TUNE.
"The Man who is drunk is void of all Care.

THAT Living's a Joke, *Johnny Gay* has express'd,
Fal de roll, toll loll.
In earnest we'll make all we can of the Jest;
Loll de roll, &c.
A load of conceits, a long life we are lugging,
Which some are Humbugg'd by, and some are Humbugging.
Fal de roll, &c.

His Honour with consequence charges his face,
Bows round to the Levee, and ogles His Grace;
Then whispers his friend, *Sir, depend on my Word,*—
But if you depend, you're Humbugg'd by the Lord,

Says *Patty* the prude, and she wide spread her fan,—
Me marry! What? I go to bed to a Man?
I detest all Male Creatures! My God!—I shall swoon!
She did—and was brought to-bed, faith, before noon!

To London *Pa* sent her, when bloom was regain'd,
Invi'late her Maidenhead there she maintain'd;
For a Virgin was wed, she knew how to be mum,
So gain'd a good Husband, her Husband a *Hum.*
Miss *nicely* observ'd, *wastly wulgar's this word,*
Immensely indelicate, monsterous absurd:
Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought yourself snug,
You confess'd—*without loving—life's all a Humbug.*

The wanton Wife often, too often I fear,
Proves Words to be Facts when she calls her Spouse *Deer*;
And enjoys the sweet cheat as stol'n pleasures she hugs,
How cunningly now she her Cuckold humbugs.

But Husband at home, as few marry'd men wish,
Fal de roll, toll loll.
To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish,
Doll de roll, &c.
Makes a meal with her Maid, the thing publicly known is,
A Tete-a-Tete feast, call'd the *Lex Talionis.*
Fal de roll, &c.

THE COMET.

TUNE.

"Shou'd I once become great, what a business twou'd be."

HAD I old *Homer* here, I wou'd make that wretch see,
(Quoth Venus) whom 'tis he abuses;
What business has any Verse-monger with me?
Their Prudes let them stick to,—the Muses.—
And so I was wounded by rough *Diomede?*
A pretty dress'd up sort of story;
See *Jupiter* smiles—but Papa now, indeed,
'Tis not for your Honour and Glory.

Why will you permit these Mortality Frights,
What *Olympus* has plann'd to review?
Don't suffer such Reptiles to creep out at nights
T' observe what we Deities do.
Immensely impertinent 'twas, you must own,
My *Transit* to see, and expose it;
Because, t'other day, I just drove out of Town,
Their Spectacles peep'd in my Closet.

A moment *Jove* laid his bright dignity down,
And let Laughter illumine his face;
To his Daughter reply'd—*Cytharea*, a frown
Becomes not the Empress of Grace.
Those Atoms of Clay which you see to and fro',
Skip about on yon' Globular Crust,
Like the blue on a plumb, are but Insects you know,
A mere Animalculous Dust.

Those Emmets, 'tis true, scientifical prate,
A race of half-reasoning Elves,
Who all can account (as they think) for my State,
Yet know not the State of themselves.
They pretend to examine Eternity's rules,—
The Cause of all Causes dispute;
I'll shew you these arrogant Earth-worms are Fools,
And thus all their Systems confute.

Away, at his word, the vast COMET rush'd forth,
And swift thro' immensity blaz'd·
Yet *Attraction* went on, tho' it girdl'd the Earth—
On Earth, how the *Star-peepers gaz'd.*
Each circl'd, and circl'd a scheme of his own,
And reason'd about, and awry;
In derision, a moment, Immortals look down,
'Twas a Jest for the Sons of the Sky.

Be humble, ye Beings of feeble Threescore,
Shall *Finites*,—*Infinity* scan?
The best of us only are Men, and no more—
And, at best, only think *what is Man?*
A contrary mixture of *Pity* and *Scorn*,
Pride, *Servility*, *Sorrow*, and *Mirth;*
In a Moment he's made, in a Moment he's born,
In a Moment again he is Earth.

Sons of Error; for that's all the birthright ye share,
As ev'ry day's actions make known;
No longer let *Vanity* gaze into Air,
But think of itself and look down.—
Yet hold!—let us think,—to look down did I say?
I did so,—and so seize my Cup,
Come, do as I do, and I'll shew you the way,
The best way, my Lads, to look up.

THE BLOOD.

TUNE.

"Tars of Old England."

YE learn'd of the Age,
Each Artist, each Sage,
Ye Speakers at fam'd Robinhood,
Describe, or decline,
Or derive, or define,
What the Character is of a *Blood*?

Macaronies so neat,
Pert Jemmies so sweet,
With all their effeminate brood;
Free-Masons so shy,
Choice Spirits so high,
Are kick'd out of doors by a *Blood*.

If making a Bet,
Or if taking a Whet,
Or if beating the Rounds he thinks good,
Who dare to oppose,
Will be pluck'd by the Nose,
With a—*Dam'me Sir, a'n't I a Blood?*

If the constable queer,
And the Watch shou'd appear,
His Riots to quell, if they cou'd,
Without compliment,
Out of Window they're sent,
And that is fine fun for a *Blood*.

He laughs at *Old Nick*,
Calls Religion a trick,
And his Argument can't be withstood;
'Tis a Bett or an Oath,
But most commonly both,
As to Reason,—What's that to a *Blood?*

As we have but our ~~Day~~,
Even Bloods must decay,
He wou'd keep it up still if he cou'd;
But his Manors foreclos'd,
And his honour expos'd,
He must dye as he liv'd—like a *Blood.*

To retrench wou'd be base,
To repent a disgrace,
So he acts just as Geniusses shou'd;
By a Med'cine of Lead,
Warm apply'd to his Head,
He cures the Disease of a Blood.

DO THE SAME.

TUNE—"HOW D'YE DO?"

MARK Anthony gave up the world for a Girl,
And he who wou'd not do the same is a Churl,
Do the same! that's the Thing;—do not think me to blame
If a Bumber I drink, will not you *do the same?*

But what do you think that I mean by all this?
Why evil to them who imagine amiss.
Hit or miss, Luck is all; are the Lucky to blame?
No no, do but win—we wou'd all *do the same.*

The dainty-fed Dame, in unpinn'd dishabille,
To the Swain of her sighs upon tiptoe will steal;
Voluptuously welcomes the sense-piercing Kiss,
And gives up her Soul to the dangerous bliss.

While soft broken murmurs betray her delight,
The rustling leaves play thro' the still of the night,
As if to her Tremblings they kept Time and Tune;
Above mildly shone, in pale splendor, the Moon.

Lady *Luna* down looking, the luscious scene sees,
Withdrew her beams, blushing, from silver-topp'd trees;
In a cloud veils her face, crying out, *fie for shame!*
To *Endymion* drives off,—and with him *does the same.*

'Tis Hypocrisy's Humour, the *Ton* of the Times,
To lay on our Neighbours the Load of our Crimes;
The failings of friends we to Slander proclaim,
But sink our own Sinnings.—won't you *do the same.*

Reason ne'er had the Head-ach, no Toasts he'll approve;
Reason ne'er had the Heart-ach—he ne'er was in Love.
But poor honest *Instinct*, he's always to blame,
For he'll drink and he'll love, and—why we *do the same.*

My Country! my Country! that Phrase cannot fail;
'Tis the Bait Voters bite at, the Tub for the Whale;
Distinction, on each side, is only a name;
For this side, and that side,—both sides *do the same.*

Let us, without blaming or this side or that,
Only keep to our own side, and mind what we're at.
I wou'd be at something, but what, I won't name,
Yet to Toast it I'll teach you, and drink to *the same.*

Your sentiment, *Decency*, give it to me,—
The Quaker's Address, Friend, I drink unto thee.
So here's to't and to thee; and pray who's to blame?
Why him—can you find him? who won't *do the same.*

LOVE AND WINE's PARTNERSHIP.

TUNE.

"No more let us trouble our Heads 'bout the State."

IT was as one morning on Ida *Jove* shone,
All frantic the Queen of Love flew in,
Her arms she expanded, embracing his throne,
Saying, Sire, oh save me from Ruin!
For Justice *Dione* to *Jupiter* prays,
They abandon my Temples and Shrine, Sir,
That Sot and his Sots, have extinguish'd my Blaze,
And drown'd Beauty's Altars in Wine, Sir,

By Styx, but 'tis false, jolly *Bacchus* reply'd;
Such slander I'll never endure, Ma'am.
Love's pains to assuage men that many things try'd,
In me only met with their Cure, Ma'am.
Your ignorant Urchin, your Booby, is blind,
And scatters his Arrows at random;
The Heart they mislead, and they madden the Mind;
'Tis Wine which alone can withstand 'em.

Where is it? th' Olympical Grand called out,
Young *Semele* bumper'd Champaign, Sir,
Full nimbly the Genius brush'd it about.—
Quoth Monarch, *I'll drink again, Sir.*
So laying his Lightning's Artillery down,
His Tresses imperially shaking,
To *Venus* put on a majestical frown,
Saying, *Certainly you are mistaken.*

Mistaken, Papa?—*Miss pray hold your tongue,*
You'd better.—*Jove* thunder'd to *Venus:*
'Pon 'Onner (*she pertly reply'd*) you are wrong,
Celestials be Judges between us.
Go Mercury, summon the States of the Sky.—
Thus order'd Lord Chancellor *Jove*, Sir.
At Ida's Exchequer this Suit they shall try,
Decreeing for Wine or for Love, Sir.

Their Worships went first on the Cyprian Cause,
Unarray'd, Beauty figur'd before 'em;
What licking of lips, what hums, and what hahs!
What peeping there was 'mong the *Quorum*!
The Patron of Vines saw 'twou'd go for the Wench,
Unless that a Dust he cou'd kick up,
Tipp'd *Hermes* the wink, and they bumper'd the Bench
'Till the Court only chorus'd a Hickup.

With eye-lids half-clos'd, one attempted at Speech,
But wind over-charg'd his expression.
My Opin--nin--nin--nin—but bump on his Breech
He squatted, and snor'd out the Session.
Apollo was Chairman, in full buckl'd wig,
For that Day, being *Juno's* Physician,
Smelt Cane, strok'd his Chin, us'd hard words, and look'd big,
As became his Right Worship's Condition.

The Statutes, quoth he, the Statutes at Large,
Aye and small too, declare Coram Nob.—
But Head was too heavy to hold out the Charge,
It dropp'd, and down fell his full Bob:
An Emblem of what often happens below,
Stupidity office disgraces;
For *Folly* has friends, and too many we know—
And we know the Wise Folks too want Places.

Now *Bacchus* and *Venus* agreed 'twixt themselves
Altercation hereafter to smother;
At Dulness to laugh, tho' 'mong dignify'd Elves,
And friendly assist one another.
But now mind the Moral: 'Tis clever to think,
And think too about something clever;—
Since Wine makes us Love, and since Love makes us drink,
Here's Drinking and Loving for ever.

COURTSHIP.

TUNE.
"To all ye Ladies now at Land."

LET others sing of Flames and Darts,
And all Love's lullaby;—
Of crying Eyes, and cracking Hearts—
The Deuce a bit will I.
If you are willing, I'm so too,
If not—why there's no more to do.
With fa, la, la.

Shou'd you expect, in Sorrow's guise,
I'll wear a woful face,
Such maudlin Mumm'ry I despise,
Mine is no Lovesick Case—
'Tis but my Whim, e'en make it thine,
Then Whim to Whim, and your's to mine.

Or if you think in golden rain,
Like *Jove*, I'll pave my way,
Such expectations are but vain,
I've only this to say,—
You've something which I wou'd be at,
I've something too;—so *Tit* for *Tat*.

Your Taste, your Talk, I may admire,
And praise, with truth, your Face;
Your sparkling Eyes that speak Desire,
And give Expression Grace.
Yet there's a —— but I'll not be bold,
Nor say, what's better *took* than *told*.

Well kens the Lass what I wou'd win,
And well I ken the Road;
He that is out wou'd fain be in.
A Patriot A-la-mode,—
As you're my Sov'reign grant me Grace,
I only ask a little Place.

Least said, they say, is mended soon,
With you I'll not dispute;
Ill tastes the long requested Boon
'Tis sweet, when short's the suit.
Then grant, with Grace, the Grace I sue,
Or let me, without Grace, fall to.

With fa, la, la.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

TUNE.

"While Waves rebound from Albion's shore."

YE hardy Sons of Honour's Land,
Where *Freedom* MAGNA CHARTA plann'd,
Ye Sovereigns of the Sea;
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
From East to West, from Pole to Pole,
Fair Conquest celebrates your Name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,
When! when will you be free?

Mistake me not, my Hearts of Oak,
I scorn with LIBERTY to joke,
Ye Sovereigns of the Sea;
No right I blame, I praise no wrong,
But sing an Independent Song,—
Since Ministers must be withstood,
And Patriots are but Flesh and Blood,
I dare with both be free.

While strange told tales from Scribbler's pen,
Disturb the heads of honest men,
Ye Sovereigns of the Sea;
The trash of temporizing Slaves,
Who earn their daily bread as Knaves.
Heedless which side may rise or fall,
The Ready Money—that's their All.
Such fellows can't be free.

We meet for Mirth, we meet to Sing,
And jolly join—*God save the King.*
Ye Sovereigns of the Sea;
As Honest Instinct points the way,
Our KING, our COUNTRY, we obey;
Yet pay to neither side our Court,
But LIBERTY in both support,
As Men who shou'd be free.

Assist, Uphold your Church and State,
See Great Men Good, and Good Men Great;
Ye Sovereigns of the Sea;
Shun *Party*, that unwelcome Guest,
No Tenant for a Briton's Breast.
Forget, Forgive, in *Faction's* Spite,
Awe All Abroad, at Home unite,
Then, then, my Friends you're free.

Ye Sov'reigns of Wide Ocean's Waves,
To Heroes long enshrin'd in Graves,
A Requiem let us sing;
I *Alfred*, *Henry*, *Edward* name,—
Then *William*, our Deliverer came:—
May future Ages BRUNSWICK own,
Perpetual Heir to *England's* Throne,
So here's GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE VISION.

TUNE.

"As I went o'er the Meadows, no matter the Day."

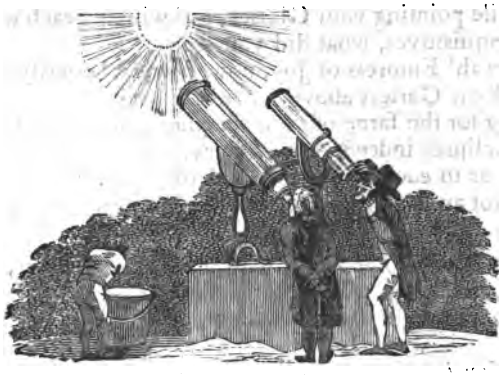
AS Home I return'd, it was late in the Day,
Thro' Westminster Abbey, I knew, was my way,
And there I beheld,—or believe that I saw,
A terrible Spectre, with Teeth wanting Jaw.
The Figure was frightful, as you may suppose,
His Sockets were Eyeless, and never a Nose.

I, trembling, address'd him with—Sir, I presume
Your Worship is walking from *Nightingale's* Tomb?
As *Milton* observes, so he grinn'd for a Smile,
And, stalking off, beckon'd me down the dark Aisle.
But faith I won't follow,—and loudly I spoke,
Then took to my heels and I tumbl'd—and 'woke.

My Joy cou'd you guess, when, recover'd, I spy'd
My Girl sweetly sleeping, and warm by my side;
Such Lips! such a Neck! then her Cheeks had a hue
Like Roses just moist with the Summer Morn's Dew.
I press'd her close to me, nay held her too tight,
For faith I was scarcely escap'd from my fright.

Awaking, she tenderly call'd out,—My Dear!
What ails you? you shake so, you're not well, I fear?
What pleasure this is tho', *quoth me to myself*,
To have Love alive here, instead of that Elf?
With rapture I fell on the dear Creature's Face,
With rapture the fond one return'd my Embrace.

Let Fribbles with Beauty as Fribbles behave,
And *Pedantry* boast, he is no Passion's Slave.
Let *Pride*, folly-teeming, lure dress-loving Elves,
To scorn the Enjoyment of all—but themselves.
Such *things* we despise, and them only approve,
Whose Hearts Esteem ripens from Friendship to Love.



TRANSIT OF VENUS.

TUNE.

"Had I but the Way to turn some Things to Gold."

ASTROLOGERS lately a Bustle have made,
How round the Sun *Venus* cou'd dance it,
With *optic*, *catoptric*, *dioptric* parade,
To spy how genteel was her Transit.
Between you and I, tho' 'twas mal a-propo,
T'examine a fine Woman's Actions,
For were we to look among Ladies below,
What Frays it wou'd make? and what Fractions?

Good-lack how they look'd at this wonderful Sight.—
A wonderful Sight! but what is it?
When all came to all, and when all came to light,
Love's Regent, paid *Neptune* a Visit.
Bedew'd by the Salt-water Spray as she rose,
To *Apollo* her Beautyship *run* *,
Intending to dry her Olympical Cloaths,
So stood between us and the Sun.

* *Run* pro *ran*, for the Rhime Sake.

While pointing your Glasses, and winking each way,
Inquisitives, what did you see?
Does th' Empress of Joy, now, friends, honestly say,
Wear Garters above, or 'low knee?
A fig for the farce of your schemes and your scrolls,
Eclipses indeed ye may shew,
But as to each Orb which high over us rolls,
Not an Inch past your Noses ye know.

Into Ditch *Thales* fell, with his Telescope geer,
At midnight wou'd Stargazing roam,
When brought back bedaub'd, all his Spouse said was, *Dear*,
You had better observe things at home.
If Husbands who ramble, this maxim wou'd mind,
And put it but once to the proof,
Observe things at Home; go but Home and they'll find,
At Home they had Business enough.

MARIA.

TUNE.
"Ianthe Lovely, the Joy of the Plain."

ONE day, by appointment, *Maria* I met,
That Day of Delight, I remember it yet.
As the meadow we cross'd, to avoid the town's crowd,
The Sun seem'd eclips'd by a black spreading cloud,
Escaping the shower, to Barn we fast fled,
There safe heard the pattering rain over head.

Some moments I suffer'd my Fair to take breath,
Then, sighing, she cry'd, " Lord! I'm frighted to
Death;
" Suppose, now, by any one I shou'd be seen?"
" Nay, nay, now,—nay, pray now---Dear---what do
you mean?"
" Had I thought you wou'd be half so rude---fye!
for shame!
" I wish I'd been wet to the skin e'er I came.

" You will have a Kiss then!—why, take one or two!
" I beg you won't teize me!—Lord! what wou'd
you do?
" You'll tear all one's things—I ne'er saw such a Man!
" I will hold your hands tho'!—Aye, do if you can.
" Is this your love for me?—is this all your care?
" I'll never come near you again,—now, I swear!

As she push'd me away, Love explain'd by her eyes,
Resistance was only to heighten the Prize;
Her Face chang'd, alternate, from Scarlet to Snow,
Her Neck rose and fell fast, her Language was low.
Such Beauty! but more of that scene was not shewn—
For Decency here bid her Curtain drop down.

The Storm being over, all Sunshine the Air,
When instant rose up, the yet Love-looking Fair,
Crying, hark! there's one listens—do look out, my
Dear,
I must be bewitch'd, I am sure, to come here,
My things how they're rumpled?—Lord! let me
begone,
What have you been doing? and what have I
done?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
I innocent enter'd—but am I so now?
I'm ruin'd,—I never myself can forgive—
I'll leap in the Brook,—for I'm sure I can't live!—
If I do, my whole life will be wasted in Grief,
Unless here to-morrow you'll give me Relief.

ADMINISTRATION.

TUNE.
"In this Mirror Bucks behold."

SEE this Bumper, Bucks be gay,
I scorn all imposition;
If you'll pledge my Toast you may,
'Tis *Courtship's Coalition.*
When two parties close embrace,
And separation smother,
He is upright in his place,
And downright is the other.

Whether 'tis to rise or fall,
Yet still his time improving,
In the Cockpit at Whitehall
The best of measures moving,
Outs will sometimes *Ins* become,
'Twixt both sides bold he ventures,
Pushing things with vigour home,
Administration enters.

Certain of a strong support,
Each op'ning he embraces,
All the time he stays at Court
His friends preserve their places.

The Members he depends upon,
When plac'd in proper Station,
The *Star* above the *Garter* won,
At Beauty's *Installation*.

In Love and State exact the same,
Respecting Mankind's wishes,
ALL the Cupboard's Key wou'd gain
To plunder *Loaves* and *Fishes*.
Placemen England have disgrac'd,
The daily papers tell us,
Howsoe'er you have men plac'd
Non Placets will be jealous.

Ministers may Places fill,
I buy none, nor am selling;
A Thatch'd House underneath the Hill
Is what I chuse to dwell in.
Tho' it has no high-rais'd Roof,
Yet Prospects can command, Sir;
Not so low, but Room enough
For me upright to stand, Sir.

On the Hill, along the Dale,
I sometimes turn a Rover,
Then within the Mossy Vale
I slily creep to Cover.
There's the Sport, and that's the Spot,
'Tis Pleasure's wild Plantation.
Lest the Toast shou'd be forgot—
Here's *Love's Association*.

FAIR PLAY.

TUNE.

"When the Nymphs were contending for Beauty and Grace."

FRIENDS, Britons, and Countrymen, heed what you say,
Let *Englishmen* ever shew all folks *fair play*;
Look up, and reflect, e'er ye dare to despise,
We are *all* Sons alike of one LORD of the Skies.

Does HE give to the *Savage*, the *Turk*, or the *Jew*,
The *Indian*, or *Catholic*, less than to *You?*
But *Prejudice* blinds us, that *mind-madd'ning Elf*,
We *all* wou'd be *wiser* than WISDOM *itself*.

The unfeeling Base deny Sorrow a tear,
Vulgarities dare at *Deformity* sneer;
Tho' pity, 'tis true, but Observance will find
The term *Vulgar* takes in two-thirds of Mankind.

We wrangle, we ridicule, laugh, and despair,
Then rashly our, what we call, *Reasons* declare;
Illib'ral on Customs and Countries decree,
And sentence each Being born t'other side Sea.

At *Scotsmen* we spurn, and at *Irishmen* sneer;
Partiality, prithee a word in your ear—
With looks of contempt other Nations you view,
With equal injustice they thus deride you.

Hospitality, somehow, was banish'd from town,
Good nature enquir'd where *Welcome* was flown;
By *Faction* drove off, she returns here no more,
Contentedly settled on *Ireland's* shore.

For the *Scots*—if we suffer not *Party* to rate,
There are *Wise Men* among 'em; and *Good Men*,
and *Great*;
Where e'er *Merit's* found, give that *Merit* its due,
To praise the Praise-worthy, adds *Merit* to you.

To *Oblivion* consign those Distinctions of Soil,
Distinction among Men all born in one Isle?
The same sea encircles our shores with its tide,
What Creation unites thus shall *Clamour* divide?

Here's to all the Good Fellows, in ev'ry Degree,
Who dare do as we do, drink, think, and speak
free;
And here's to those Lasses who *Liberty* prove,
And pledge from their Hearts this Toast, FREEDOM
IN LOVE.

CIRCE.

TUNE.
"I have a Tenement to let."

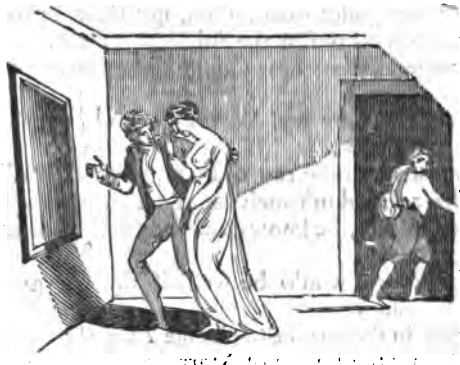
CIRCE was a precious piece,
A plague upon the Gypsey,
She dol'd out drink somewhere in Greece,
And made her Tenants tipsey;
And then each filthy swinish Sot,
Engend'ring 'mong her Devils,
Upon those obscene Imps begot
A harpy Spawn of Evils.

The Fiend *Corruption*, first brought forth
Dust-licking *Adulation*;
A second Dæmon harrass'd Earth,
With *Party's* altercation.
The Hag *Deceit* a Reptile bred,
Call'd *Infamy*, the Pander;
A third and fourth were brought-to-bed
Of *Insolence* and *Slander*.

So fertile were th' Infernal Race,
Each day new monsters prowling,
Base *Perjury* with rank *Grimace*,
And *Envy* ever howling;
Servility with worthless *Pride*,
Debauch with poison'd Diet,
Swoln *Gluttony* by *Scurvy's* Side,
A Faction form'd for *Riot*.

A while these Implings croak'd about,
'Till startl'ing Madam *Circe*,
She order'd all the Vermin out,
Nor to her own shew'd mercy.
Absurdity with *Malice* went,
Ingratitude with *Lewdness*,
Scurrility with *Discontent*,
And *Ridicule* with *Rudeness*.

Their bastard brood the Dæmons bore,
Along the mid-air flitting,
And found at last a welcome shore,
Where *Bribery* was sitting.
Ambition hail'd them on their way,
And gave them his directions;
His Agents took them into pay,
Then sent them to ELECTIONS.



CHASTITY.

TUNE.

"Good people I'll tell you no Rhodamontado."

I Wonder, quoth Dame, as her Spouse she embraces,
How Strumpets can look, how they dare shew their faces,
And those wicked Wives who from Husband's arms fly,
Lord! where do they think they must go when they die?

But, next day, by Husband, with 'Prentice Boy caught,
When she from the bed was to Toilet-glass brought,
Her Head he held up, with this gentle Rebuke—
My Dear! you was wishing to know how Whores look!

Turn your eyes to that table, at once you will see
What Faces Jades wear; then, my Dear, behold *me*
Your Features confess the Adulteress clear,
My visage exhibits how Cuckolds appear.

You ask'd where bad Wives go? why, really, my Chick,
You must, with the rest of them, go to *Old Nick*!
Yet *Beelzebub* don't such damn'd Tenants disown,
For bad Wives, he knows, make a Hell of their own.

All the World wou'd be wed, if the Clergy cou'd shew
Any rule in the service to change *I* for *O*:
How happy the Union of Marriage wou'd prove,
Not long as we *Live* join'd, but long as we *Love*.

At his feet she sunk down, Sorrow lent her such Moans
That Resentment was gagg'd by her Tears and her Tones.
What cou'd *Hubby* do then? what cou'd then *Hubby* do?
But Sympathy struck, as she cry'd, he cry'd too.

Oh! *Corregio!* cou'd I *Sigismunda* design,
Or exhibit a *Magdalen*, *Guido*, like thine,
I wou'd paint the fond Look which the Penitent stole,
That pierc'd her soft Partner, and sunk to his Soul.

Transported to doating! he rais'd the Distress'd,
And tenderly held her long time to his Breast;
On the Bed gently laid her, by her gently laid,
And the Breach there was clos'd the same way it was made.

THE GRISKIN CLUB.

TUNE.
"A Toper I love as my Life."

OF Griskins I sing,
They're a feast for a King;
Kings, *Homer* says, dress'd their own Messes:
Achilles, the hot,
Always hung on the Pot,
Patroclus he garnish'd the Dishes.

By the Poets of old,
Apicius we're told
Was an Eater among the Antiques;
Tho' his Taste it was fine,
Yet like us cou'd not dine,
For no *Griskins* were cook'd 'mong the Greeks.

'Mong the Greeks? well I know, man,
Apicius was Roman,
So no Critic's rod am I risking;
Not of *Roman*, nor *Greek*,
But of *Britons* I speak,
And *Britons* who boast of their *Griskin*.

Trimalchio's Stuff,
And the French *Dartineuf*,
Had almost good Eating abolish'd;
Sardanap'lus was great,
And *Lucullus* cou'd treat,
Yet never a *Griskin* demolish'd

One Emp'ror took pains
To make *Ragouts* of Brains,
But how were those Dishes compounded?
It was done long ago,
For at present I know,
Our Cooks wou'd be greatly confounded.

Come! Lads, hark away,
Hunt the Bottle To-day,
At Night, Boys, to Beauty high over;
Be this understood,
May our *Griskins* prove good,
When, as *Grisks*, we leap into Love's Cover.

JACK TAR's SONG.

TUNE.
"A Begging we will go."

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be,
Our Cann is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all Hands to Sea.
And a Sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at Dancing-school is taught,
The Minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The *Fore Tack* to *Cat Head.*

The Jockey's call'd *to Horse, to Horse,*
And swiftly rides the Race,
But swifter far we shape our course
When we are *giving Chace.*

When Horns and Shouts the Forest rend,
His Pack the Huntsman cheers,
As loud we hollow when we send
A *Broadside* to *Mounseers*.

The What's-their-names, at Uprores squall,
With music fine and soft,
But better sounds our *Boatswain's* Call,
All Hands, all Hands aloft!

With Gold and Silver Streamers fine
The Ladies Rigging shew,
But English Ships more *grander* shine,
When *Prizes* home we tow.

What's got at Sea we spend on Shore,
With Sweethearts, or our Wives,
And then, my Boys, *hoist Sail* for more,
Thus passes *Sailors* lives.
And a Sailing we will go.

PREJUDICE.

TUNE.

"Without you will promise, nay, swear to be true."

INGRATITUDE's crime worse than Witchcraft is nam'd,
A neglect to repay what we owe;
Of such an omission we must be asham'd,
I'm asham'd such omission to shew.

Where's *Freedom?*—point out *how* and *when*
We have enjoy'd that Bounty?
When Magna Charta—aye, Amen,—
But tell me where's her County?
Why where our Property's secur'd,
Where Liberty possessing:—
Then, Brother *Britons*, be assur'd
The GAME ACT is a Blessing.

Lov'd LIBERTY! celestial Maid!
Which way shall we address thee?
You're *England's Genius*, it is said,
And *Englishmen* possess thee.
We boast too much about this Fair,
For, nightly, tho' we toast her,
I wou'd not have you, Friends, despair—
But, Faith, I fear we've lost her.

Like Hamlet's Ghost, *'Twas here! 'tis gone!*
And only to be guess'd at;
As Maidenheads, when lost and won,
Are what the winners jest at.
In vain the GODDESS opes her arms,
No more her arms we're wooing;
Licentiousness has Harlot's charms,
Which tempt to our undoing.

Wit, Beauty, Sciences, and Arts,
Are all become dependant;
We're neither free in Heads nor Hearts,
We're Slaves, and there's an end on't.
It was, and ever will be so,
Each fetter'd to some *Folly*;
And, all the *Liberty* we know,
Is—*drink!* and *let's be jolly.*



THE SPECIFIC.

TUNE.

"Tho' I with one Love wou'd be always Content."

THO' News-papers puff ev'ry Nostrum to town,
What Nostrum is like the Grape's Juice?
No Chymical Liquor that turns red to brown,
No *Beaume de vie*, nor *Eau de Luce*.
As to *Rouge*, the rank practice, alas! is so rife;
The Beauty of Health it consumes,
But Wine is the Volatile Spirit of Life,
And brightens our natural Blooms.

The *Balsam of Honey* a tickling Cough stops,
To *Maredant* the *Scurvy* submits;
There's what's his Name's wonderful *Viperine Drops*,
And *Henry* for Hysteric Fits;
But *Physic*, like *Music*, bears Fashion's decree,
Of Modish Distempers they tell us;
Licentiates, or not so, yet ev'ry *M. D.*
Pronounces us *Narvous* or *Bilious*.

Pour Wine into Wounds you'll be cur'd in a jerk,
Religious that text to pursue,
Whene'er my mind's wounded, I draw a long Cork,
Sometimes my Prescription is Two.
The Doctor's a Dunce, down the sink dash the Slops,
Those Pipes we are going to start 'em;
Just draw off a Glass, they are *Bacchus's* Drops,
The Mixture is *Secundum Artem.*

As to Cuckoldom—that is a hurt to the Head,—
If Wives will be Harlots why let them,
An *Absorbent* we find in a Bottle of Red,
An *Opiate* by which we forget them.
Philosophers say,—but a fig for their Saws,
Such water-chill'd Maxims disown 'em;
Their *Efficients* I prove are *deficient* in Cause,
When I've my Scots Pint, *Magnum Bonum.*

Wine makes—aye, what won't it? it makes right and wrong,
'Tis *Love*, *Wit*, and *Truth's* Ventilator;
At once it locks up the most voluble Tongue,
At once turns a *Mute* to a *Prater.*
If fond of a Fair, Wine this Magic will shew,
Make but, like an Artist, your Trial;
In *her* it will silence the nerves which say *no*,
And raise *you* above a *Denial.*

More or less to the *Scurvy* all Men are a prey,
Quoth *this*, *that*, and *t'other* Physician:
More or less we're all mad, I will venture to say,
And the World's in a scurvy condition.
Good Wine makes good Blood, and good Blood keeps us sound,
So *Recipe tantum sufficit*;
For Madness, my friends, since the Remedy's found,
Let none be so mad as to miss it.

HONOUR.

TUNE.

"Confusion to him who a Bumper denies."

OUR Reck'ning we've paid, here's to all *bon repos*,
The Decks we have clear'd, and 'tis time we should go;
A Coach did you say? No! I'm sober and strong,
Waiter! call me a Link-boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping torch bows—
Your Honour! poor Jack, Sir, your Honour Jack knows.
For the sake of the pence thus he'll *honour* me on,
Gold Dust strews the *Race-ground* where all *Honour's* won.

Hold your light up!—what half-naked Objects here lye,
Thus huddled in heaps?—*Good your Honour!* they cry;
To poor creatures, your Honour, some charity spare;
Honour's phrase is *Necessity's* common-place prayer.

Young perishing *Out-casts* thus nightly are found,
No parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd.
For *he*, in these times, wou'd be laughed to scorn,
Who Distress wou'd assist, yet expect no Return.

With Courtier-like bowing the Shoe-cleaners call,
And offer their Brush, Stool, and shining Black Ball;
Japanning your Honour, these Colourists plan,
And, really, some *Honours* may want a Japan.

To varnish the Taste is,—as cases from dust,
Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;
Nay, some Ladies Faces are colour'd like Blinds,
While men use japanning which masquerade minds.

Of *Honour*, of *Freedom*, yet *England* can boast,
And *Honour* and *Freedom's* an Englishman's Toast;
May Infamy ever Deserters attend,
But Honours crown those who our HONOURS defend.

FOOLS-HALL

TUNE.
"The Sun in Virgin Lustre shone."

OLD *Homer* nodded long ago,
And modern Bards oft' sleep we know;
They doze to dream, and dream to write,
'Twas thus with me the other night.
Sleeping by all somnif'rous rules,
Methought 'twas in the Hall of Fools,
More properly the place to call,
The Learned say, it was *Fools-Hall.*

There *Billingsgate*, with front of brass,
And *Faction*, rode on braying Ass;
While scurril' *Banter* leer'd along,
With face buffoon, and loll'd-out tongue.
Riot there, with mouth stretch'd wide,
On a Drunkard sat astride;
Spangled *Lewdness* op'd the Ball,
And *Nonsense* echo'd round *Fools-Hall.*

Credulity, the Dupe of Lyes,
Stupidity in Thought's disguise;
Dullness came in Hood and Cowl,
Solemn as the broad-fac'd Owl.
Quirk and *Quaintness* hand in hand,
In *Lawyer's* gown, and *Pleader's* band.
On tiptoe *Pride* o'erlook'd them all,—
While *Scandal* flew about *Fools-Hall.*

Base *Scribblers* arm'd with white and black,
To shine or soil, to heal or hack,
With stone-blind *Ignorance* stood next,
And *Pedants* tearing *Shakespeare's* text.
There *Prejudice* the day denies,
With hands held up before his eyes;
Pert *Dissipation* welcom'd all,
She *kept it up* within *Fools-Hall.*

With *Vanity* blind *Zeal* was pair'd;
Hypocrisy their profits shar'd;
Fraud, Pimp-like, *Superstition* led,
But hoodwink'd, to *Imposture's* bed.
Miss *Affectation* made the Rout,
Debauch the sick'ning Feast sat out;
While *Doctors* waited *Simptom's* call,
Disease's vapours fill'd *Fools-Hall.*

The stupid Heirs of much-muck'd Land,
With wheezing Gluttons throng'd the Strand;
Great sport they hop'd, they long'd to see,
Heedless what victim 'twas to be.
But wealthy *Dunces* joke the best
On *Merit*, when 'tis most distress'd;
While *Sots*, while *Coxcombs* great and small,
Paraded, grinning, round *Fools-Hall.*

Plain *Truth* appear'd, but at the sight
They shriek'd, they cou'd not bear the *fright;*
The CRY confin'd him in the Stocks,
And *Virtue* prov'd not Orthodox.
Honour the parish pass'd away,
And *Wit* was gagg'd for *Folly's* play;
Deserted *Beauty*, mock'd by all,
The Beadle's Whip drove from *Fools-Hall.*

O'erwhelm'd with what I saw, I wept,
And, happily, no longer slept;
Malice, methought, had spy'd my tears,
Exposing me to *Party's* Sneers,
Who hiss'd, and shov'd me thro' the throng;
I 'woke, as I was dragg'd along,—
Here's Women, Wine, and Health to all,
Who scorn the crouds which fill *Fools-Hall.*

POLITICS.

TUNE.

"'Tis a Twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps it is twain."

AS an Englishman ought, I wish well to my King,
As an Englishman ought, for my Country I'll sing,
And my mind I will tell, 'tis a Kingdom to me,
By his Birthright a *Briton* dares think and speak free.

My *Hearts of Oak*, stoutly you call out for *Freedom*,
And *Liberty*, *Property*,—really we need 'em;
But don't, quite so loud, against Brib'ry exclaim,
Rogues will buy,—but *who sells*, *Sir?* then, pray
who's to blame?

Ye noise-making, sash-breaking, Lacqueys of Factions,
Ye insane Disturbers, who're bit by Distractions,
Think what you're about, when the loudest you bawl,
Not a man that you're mad for but laughs at ye all.

Who Patriots were once now are Patriots no more,
And what has been, certainly may be, encore;
Nay, have not some Bustlers confess'd their intentions,
They open'd their mouths until MUM popp'd in *Pensions*.

To be wise is the word; how that word comes about
Is,—the wise are those *in*, and the otherwise *out*;
So small's the distinction betwixt one another,
When *Outs* become *Ins*, then they're wiser than t'other.

The World has, without one exception, a Rule,
The *rich* Man's a *wise Man*, the *poor* Man's a *Fool*;
And foolish he is, faith, since Money's the test,
Who attempts not to get what will get all the rest.

Attend and depend thro' the year, so you may,
And begin, waste and end the next just the same way;
As to promise on promise such schemes I condemn;
Folks will not serve us unless we can serve them.

Let us now serve ourselves, fill our Glasses, fill high,
We'll laugh when we're pleas'd, and we'll drink when we're dry;
And we'll drink the *King's Health*, 'tis the best Toast of all—
Here's our *Lord* of the *Manor* in *Liberty-Hall*.



BEEF STEAK CLUB.

TUNE.

" Since Artists who sue for the Trophies of Fame.

DRAW the Cork, the Cloth's drawn,—a Toast to the KING,
I presume it is meet, after meat we shou'd sing,
For thus prescribes *Galen*;—" Life's Health to prolong,
" Take Dinner's digestive, a Glass, and a Song."
To him the Diplomists their judgements resign,
So *fiat mixturam*, 'tis Music and Wine.

Old *Homer*, who *Shakespeare-like*, all Nature knew,
Does honour to Beef, and to Beef-eaters too;
He sings, that the Greeks, by whom Troy Town was fell'd,
In fighting and eating, all Nations excell'd;
And he, for the Day, who was *Hero* in Chief,
Had a Double Proportion, or *Premium* of *Beef*.

It was *Cacus* (some say) tho' that's not Orthodox,
'Twas *Milo* of *Crotos* first knock'd down an Ox;
He invited all friends to his Beef-eating Wake,
But first, on Turf Altar, he offer'd a Steak.
The *Ætherials* regal'd on the odour that 'rose,
Says Epicure *Jove*, such a *Club* we'll compose.

Then call'd out for *Vulcan*, the God, limping, came,
And, ogling behind him, attended his Dame;
Each Deity seem'd more inclin'd to her Mess,
Than to dine on the best dish *Olympus* cou'd dress.
Jove silence proclaims, his curls awfully shakes,
And on *Ida* establish'd a Club of BEEF STEAKS.

When *Juno*, that instant, a female peal rung,
In *Jove*'s hand the Bowl shook, the Toast dy'd on his tongue;
But commanding a Cloud, like a Curtain to fold,
He embrac'd her within it, and silenc'd the Scold.
In practice, ye Husbands, put *Jupiter's* plan,
And keep your Wives quiet—as well as you can.

A CARICATURE.

TUNE.
"'Tother day as I sat in the Sycamore shade."

MAN's all Contradiction, a medley Machine,
Now this Thing, and now he is that;
To-day all in Spirits, to-morrow all Spleen,
The next, knows not what to be at.

When in Love,—how he labours the prize to obtain,
If luck'ly, he draws Beauty's Lot,
He'll hate what he has, nay, Possession's a Pain,
And he's mad to have what he has not.

When the wind's in the East, sad and sick of his life,
As if under Spell of Queen Mab;
He is always at *Home* Sir *John Brute* to his *Wife*,
Abroad, *Jerry Sneak* to his *Drab*.

At the Tavern he'll prove all *Religion* is Art,
And laughs at Eternity's Doom;
But in Bed, when alone in the Dark, how he'll start,
If a Mouse only moves in the room.

He swears, aye and loudly, that he will be free,
Nay, dye e'er his Country disgrace;
Confusion to Ministers! drinks on his knee,
Then, rising, runs off for a Place.

Wives, Sisters, or Daughters, wherever he stays,
A prey for *Debauch* he intends;
Proper Gratitude thus for his Welcome he prays,
It is right to be fond of one's Friends.

Shou'd Pique prompt his Spouse to retaliate in kind,
He'll bellow *Death*, *Vengeance*, and *all*;
My pistols bring quick!—but, quick changing his mind
On his Proctor, imprimis, he'll call.

When maudlin at night, as 'tis nightly the case,
How loving the Creature appears;
While drops from dimn eyes trickle down his smear'd face,
And Hickups keep Time to his Tears.

Foolish friendships he'll proffer, and fulsome repeat,
But the zeal of the night snor'd away,
For his interest, indeed, he to-morrow may meet,
If not, he don't know you next day.

Not the best of us all, not a Man is exempt;
If ourselves we impartially scan;
We are Objects for Pity, or else for Contempt;
Misconduct is Master of Man.

As against our own wills we are tumbled to Town,
So reluctant again we go out;
In chacing and changing that *Will* up and down,
We *Wisdomites* blunder about.

Still blunder we must, as we're born but to die,
And as wise in the Dark as the Light;
But in Drinking, my Bucks, all Mistakes we defy;
Here's a Bumper to prove ourselves right.

THE NORFOLK FARMER.

TUNE.

"I'm marry'd, and happy, with wonder hear this."

WHEN the early Cock crows at the Day's dappl'd dawn,
And soaring Lark thro' the air trills,
E'er yet the warm Sun drinks the dews from the lawn,
Or vapours uncover the hills;
While Ploughmen are whistling, as furrows they turn,
And Shepherds releasing their care,
I rise to unkennel, at sound of the Horn,
Or course, with my Greyhounds, the Hare.

In Spring-time observing my Husbandmen sow,
Then see how my Yearlings go on;
Sometimes, riding round, mark my Turnip-men hoe,
Or in Barn what my Threshers have done.
At Home, with the Parson, 'bout Markets I prate,
His Tythes, tho' I never delay;
We properly each shou'd maintain in his State,
The Vineyard-man's worthy his pay.

My Milk-maidens, morn and eve, Dairy-cows press,
For custards, cream, puddings, and cheese;
My Daughters keep market in neat but plain dress,
And Dame too—but 'tis when she'll please.
We never for Master or Mistress-ship strive,
But Man and Wife's Lot share and share;
As Gratitude tells us, in Friendship we live,
Do so ye *Crim. Cons.* if ye dare.

My Poultry is all by my good Woman bred,
My Garden gives Roots for my Health,
For London my Bullocks on best fodder fed,
Yet pinch not the Poor for my Wealth.
I've plenty of Game in my copses and woods,
My Flock on its Thyme feeding thrives;
With Fishes well stor'd are my ponds and my floods,
And Honey from yon' row of hives.

What grateful Return is to Industry made?
What Reward have the Bees for their Toil?
We boast of *our* RIGHTS, yet, *their Rights* we invade,
And seize on their Labours as Spoil.
But *Justice* to *Power* is only a name,
Great Fishes devour the small;
Great Birds, and great Beasts, and great Men do the same,
'Till *Death*, the grand Robber, robs all.

Content spreads my cloth, and says Grace after Meat,
While *Welcome* attends at my board;
No Outlandish Mixture disguises my treat,
My Wine my own Orchards afford.
With a Glass in my Hand, to Church, Country, and King,
I drink, as a Subject shou'd do;
Perhaps my Dame smiles, then one Song I must sing,
So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

THE BOTTLE.

TUNE.

"On a Time I was great, now little am grown."

PUSH the Bottle about, name the Toast, and away,
With Wine be our Sentiments flowing;
We idly grow old while we drinking delay,
Be merry, my Bucks, and keep doing.
Keep doing I say, fill it up to the brink,
'Tis a Trouble to talk, 'tis a Trouble to think,
'Tis a Trouble—no, no!—'tis a Pleasure to drink.
Prithee ring, we must have t'other Bottle.

Our Classic is *Bacchus*, his Volumes prefer,
To all that's in old *Aristotle*;
But why, with quotations, shou'd we make a stir?
We'll stir about briskly the Bottle.
A Fool once to find how the World cou'd go round,
Leap'd into the deep where the puppy was drown'd,
But deep had he drank, he the secret had found,
Such wonders are work'd by a Bottle.

The Sportsman arous'd when the Horn harks away,
Shrill echo Tantivy repeating,
His warm wishing Wife clings around him to stay,
But shouts put to silence entreating.
Yet what is his Chace to the Chace that we boast?
So, ho! here's a Bumper, hark, hark! to the Toast.
Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent shou'd be lost,
And we're cast in the Chace of a Bottle.

Let *Heroes* or *Neroes* run mad after Fame,
We're charg'd and rang'd ready for battle;
Let *Placemen* perplex, and let *Patriots* declaim,
Let both be indulg'd in their prattle;
But Preachers o'er Liquor we always confute,
Without 'tis the Toast, at our meetings we're mute,
For what, with our Wine, can be worth a dispute,
Except 'tis a Short-measure Bottle.

Shou'd Sickness with sadd'ning Captivity join,
The Ancients I'll equal in thinking;
But all my Philosophy shou'd be my Wine,
Despair I defy when I'm drinking.
Stood *Death* like a Drawer to wait on me home,
Or, Bailiff-like, dare he rush into my room,
I'd try for one moment to tip him a Hum,
While I bumper'd the last of my Bottle.



BEAUME DE VIE.

TUNE.
"Two Gods of great Honour."

ARIADNE one morning
To *Theseus* was turning,
When missing her Man, to the Beach down she flew;
Her cries unavailing,
She saw far off, sailing,
His Ship 'fore the wind less'ning swift to her view.
She tore her fine hair,
Beat her breast in despair,
Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down in a swoon,
When *Bacchus*, 'midst *Æther*,
Begg'd leave of his Father
To comfort the Lady, *Jove* granted the Boon.

Then gently descending,
Her sorrows befriending,
His *Thyrsis* he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd Earth,
When o'er the smooth gravel,
In murmuring travel,
A spring of Champaign at her Head bubbled forth;
She, wak'd with the scent,
Gave her sorrow fresh vent,
Yet to drink was determin'd, exhausted by tears;
She tastes the Champaign,
Licks her lips, tastes again,
And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

As still she kept sipping,
Her heart lightly leaping,
She look'd upon *Thes.* as a pitiful Elf;
Wine turn'd her to singing,
In hopes it wou'd bring in
A Lover,—'twas lonely to drink by herself.
The God, her Adorer,
Confess'd, stood before her,
She hail'd the Celestial, she welcom'd the Guest;
Champaign stopp'd resistance,
She kept not her Distance,
But jollily clasp'd the young Buck to her Breast.

Each Girl given over,
Betray'd by her Lover,
To Hartshorn, to Salts, or Salt-water may fly;
But we've an *Elixir*
Will properly fix her,
If properly she'll the Prescription apply:
The *Recipe's* wholesome,
'Tis *Beauty*'s best *Balsam*,
For which we refuse tho' to pocket a Fee.
As *gratis* we give it,
Girls grateful receive it,
So here's to the Practice of Love's *Beaume de Vie*.

THE MASQUERADE;

OR,

LABOUR IN VAIN.

TUNE.—"MASKS ALL."

ONCE *Jupiter's* Lady, call'd *Juno* the Scold,
At Toilet imagin'd herself to look old;
In a pet put a Veil on to hide her disgrace,
Then scheem'd how each Beauty shou'd shadow her face. *Sing tantararara Masks all.*

First England review'd, there, amaz'd *Madam* saw
Many Faces and Forms without failure or flaw;
Then others discover'd whose Features were spread,
All *tasty*, all *pasty*, with caustics of lead,

Those last pleas'd the *Queen*, who declar'd, with a smile,
The *Folly* of *Fashion* shou'd lead in this Isle;
The great gifts of *Jove* they were dup'd to despise,
And natural *Beauty* by *Art* they disguise.

'Tis an Empire, she said, of Dress, Drinking, and Song;
Of Bathing—because we are bit by *Ban Ton:*
Her scheme, she foretold, would succeed with the town,
For whatever's imported must always go down.

A Card flew to *Pan*, who was skill'd in these matters,
To model some Masks from the Portraits of Satyrs;
Of *Proserpine* ask'd *Merry Andrew's* Shade,
Without a Buffoon there is no Masquerade.

Pale Miss *Affectation* was order'd, in haste,
To dress up the Phantom, and call the thing *Taste:*
Then taught it to talk, just one phrase and no more,
Do you know me? it squeak'd, *do you know me?*
encore.

'Twas *the Thing*, for 'twas foreign, it must be ador'd,—
It gagg'd depos'd *Wit;* when will *Wit* be restor'd?
When Englishmen—(thus it was *Truth* bid me say,
Will shew to their own Understandings fair play.

The World is no more than one vast Masquerade,
Where, by best concealments, best fortunes are made;
But why shou'd *Plain Dealing* pretend to complain,
Reformation to Labour is—*Labour in vain.*
Sing tantararara Masks all.

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

TUNE.—SHANBUY.

THO' Austria and Prussia, France, Flanders, and Russia,
Have Heroes who claim an attention;
On the long list of Fame, as I look'd at each name,
A *Briton* I thought she shou'd mention.
A Man among Men,
Who was worthy her pen,
Nor con'd she doubt who must the Man be;
As I saw not the whole;
She unfolded the scroll,
And on top stood the *Marquis of Granby.*

Old Time shook his Scythe, as he tott'ring stood by,
His Iron Teeth dreadfully grated;
Yet the sad-looking Crone clear'd his brow from a frown,
When Fame had my business related.
The cheeks of the Churl,
With a smile, seem to curl,
And cheerfully answ'ring as can be,
Say, single-lock'd Seer,
" Sir, this point's pretty clear,
" We all lov'd the *Marquis of Granby*."

" By order of *Fate* I was bid to translate
" That Hero to happier station;
" The trumpet of Fame shook the air to proclaim
" Her *Granby's* beatification.
" He shines now a Star,
" Near the Planet of War,"
Illustrious Soldier befriend us,
Be thy influence our Shield,
And, when dar'd to the Field,
May thy Martial Spirit attend us.

Grief, away with your tears, see his Lineage appears
We remember those looks, and adore 'em;
They shall live in our love, and, my life on't they prove
As brave as the brave Man before 'em.
What more can we say?
But the *Granby's* huzza!
Encore! loud and loud as loud can be;
To the brim fill it up,
It is *Gratitude's* Cup,
Off it goes, *To the Offspring of Granby.*

CONCLUSION OF THE HUMBUG.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

THE Sages of old, and the Learn'd of this day,
Fa, la, la.
About Life and Living have said and will say
Fa, la, la.
About and about it, about and about,
They *ev'ry thing* say, but can make *nothing* out.
Fa, la, la.

Rail on if you please, when the Knowing-ones win,
Yet half the world strives to take t'other half in;
But all schemes concluded, and Loss and Gain summ'd,
Both *Biters* and *Bubbles* are equally humm'd.

Let those who will hunt after Fame, and such dreams,
Break their rest, necks, or hearts, in the chace of those schemes;
Shou'd they what they wish to be ever become,
They will find all they long'd for, alas! but a Hum.

By Terror of Parents, or tempted by Gain,
The Lady resigns to some jessamy Swain;
When Husbands such delicate creatures become,—
When Husbands! no, no! for 'tis there lies the hum.

When Beauty, all brilliant, shines Queen of the Ring,
Such Grace and such Taste, and such—oh! *she's the Thing!*
How happy her Husband!—he may be,—but mum,
For sometimes such happiness is but a Hum.

What a Rout 'mong the Rich at an only Son's Birth,
And what a Parade when Papa's put in Earth;
Go cast up, who pleases, *Felicity's* sum,
From Birth unto Burial the Total's a Hum.

The *Profit* of Life is out-ballanc'd by Cost,
Fa, la, la.
Joy ever must be in *Satiety* lost;
Fa, la, la.
It is——it has slipp'd me, what 'tis I'd be at,
So a Bumper I'll drink, there's no *Humbug* in that.
Fa, la, la.

THE LONDON HUNT.

TUNE.
"Come rouse, Brother Sportsmen, &c."

THO' far from Field Sports, we will Field Sports apply,
Hark! hark! social Sportsmen, hark forward and try;
Nor think we want *Game*, tho' we're settl'd in Town,
Its *Follies* are *Game*, which we here will hunt down.

We break Cover first, and throw off 'mong the Great,
By *Babblers* surrounded, call'd *Flatt'rers* of *State*;
Whip them off, for they're vermin unworthy a chace,
Their Patron's dishonour, and Bounty's disgrace.

Like Pageants, the *Nimrods* of *Nabobs* behold!
'Midst all they have purchas'd by strange-gotten Gold;
Tho' large packs of Livery Couples they own,
When *Conscience* starts up, can they all hunt it down?

In French varnish'd chariots see *Quacks* drawn along,
Like *Death*, looking down on their *Victims*, the *Throng*;
With Tales of their Med'cines each paper abounds,—
Hunt their *Nostrums*;—no, no!—they wou'd poison our hounds.

Disappointment against the Successful exclaims,
And *Envy* will always make *Uproar* call names.
Those pests of the public to *Clamour* make court,
To kennel such curs, for they only spoil sport.

The *Outs* 'gainst the *Ins* will for ever take aim,
And *Ministers* must be the *Multitude's* game;
'Tis Tempests and Tides which preserve the pure Sea,
We soon shou'd be stagnate if all shou'd agree.

Beat about for fresh sport, thro' yon' Hall let us draw,
It abounds in Black Game, and that Game is the *Law*;
Call the Dogs off, I say,—there have nothing to do,—
If you meddle with them they'll soon turn and hunt you,

We're *at fault*, but whose is it? come, Sportsmen, try back,
Hark to *Honesty*, that's the prime hound in our pack;
We are all sound and staunch, for a brisk *Burst* prepare,
Talio! 'tis a Bumper,—fill free and drink fair.

Here's the Queen of our hunt, 'tis *Britannia's* our boast;
Old England for ever! let that be the Toast;
See a fresh bottle starts, one view hollow;—huzza!
The *Fox Brush*, and *Beauty's Brush*, brush them away.



THE AUCTION.

TUNE.

"Pho! pox on this nonsense, I prithee give o'er."

I'LL strive to sing something, yet wou'd not do wrong,
Will you please to accept of a Common-place Song;—
This World's like an Auction for selling and shewing,
Truth, *Friendship*, and *Gratitude*,—*going! going! going!*

They are going!—but how? not by hammer knock'd down,—
No, no! out of Taste, they must go out of Town,
Such stuff wou'd our dear dissipation encumber,
They are shipp'd off for sea, and exported as lumber.

Preferment put up! who bids? *I, I, I, I;*
Such a noise it has made we the Lot must put by:
At the name of *Preferment* if uproar is heard,
No wonder such clamour against the preferr'd.

Confusion, and eke contradiction its mate,
Fill our heads with,—I don't know what politic prate;
As all to be *in*, suppose equal pretences,
Of *Innings* when *baulk'd*, they're out of their senses.

Yet, seriously, Sirs, this world's not so bad,
Some Women are chaste, and some Men are not mad;
But where do they live? 'tis not worth while to try,
They are such sort of folks other folks can't live by.

How easy is Weakness by Wickedness turn'd,
Unworthiness welcom'd, and Worthiness scorn'd;
The Female Sex charge not with prostitute vice,
Mankind will be bought come but up to their price.

All Men and their Measures 'tis easy to see,
No Parties, but Parties of Pleasure for me;
Let this Side, or that Side, or both Sides be mad,
We know no distinction but *good* Men and *bad*.

Will any here hesitate how they declare?
Or, Toast the *good* people at home and elsewhere;
Their country, complexion, religion, or wealth,
We heed not, but drink to the HONEST MAN'S HEALTH.

THE MAN.

TUNE.

"How pleasant the meads were, how joyful the scene."

IT is he who's unaw'd by the sound of a Name,
Yet harbours no Hate in his breast;
What his Betters may do he pretends not to blame,
As he hopes they do all for the best.
To his King he is just, to his Country he's true,
And true to his Friend and his Glass;
A Sportsman who always with spirit comes thro'
And ne'er baulk'd a Leap, nor a Lass.

No Office he flatters, compounds with no Cheat,
But ever takes Honesty's part;
Compassion awaits on his Justice's seat,
And Charity tenants his heart.
When a love-laden Lass with contrition appears,
For Girls are ensnar'd like the Game;
His tenderness turns not away from her tears,
His pity prevents her from shame.

To *Game-Acts* he fancies our *Liberty* yields,
So sets their inflictions aside;
Protection allows not to vermin in fields,
Which is to the Freeborn deny'd.
Suppose a Young Idler at birds shou'd take aim,
Or Puss take, perhaps, in a snare,
Must *Englishmen's Birthright* be forfeit for *Game*,
And *Man* made a Slave for a *Hare?*

If Sticks from the Hedge of his Honour are found
In the lap of the big-belly'd poor,
While sleet fills the air, and deep snow's on the ground,
And *Misery* groans at the door.
Humanity tells him to seek out the cause,
Which prompted *Distress* to turn Thief;
Convinc'd 'twas mere *Want*, he awakes not the laws,
But stops future crimes by *Relief*.

This, this is the *Man*, uncorrupted he stands,
To *Baal* who ne'er bow'd the knee;
Unmortgag'd, enjoys all his Ancestor's Lands,
And ever liv'd debtless and free.
Yes, Yes, this is *He*, this *the Man* to my mind,
The Man who no Party can snare;
Shall I tell you, my Friends, where this *Man* you may find,
I wou'd—if I cou'd but tell where.

MY NOSE.

TUNE.
"An Ass, an Ass."

WHILE people call'd Poets, in Blank Verse, or Rhime,
Pindarics or Epics compose,
And celebrate Heroes in Sonnets sublime,
The fact is, simply,—*my Nose*.

The large Nose and long one, thereby hangs a Tale,
A Tail the old Scholiasts suppose;
Ex noscitur Naso—but Proverbs may fail,
I find it, in faith, by *my Nose*.

The boys of *Conceit* blushing *Merit* deride,
For Coxcombs are *Modesty's* foes;
I challenge the sons and the daughters of Pride
To move such a muscular *Nose*.

Prometheus, 'tis said, form'd our Animal Clay,
For quick'ning to Æther he rose;
I fear that some 'Prentice, when he was away,
A little aside shov'd my *Nose*.

I presume,—but perhaps, 'tis presumption to say,
I even presume to suppose,
I shou'd set myself up in the Song-singing Way,
When I ought to set down with *my Nose*.

My Song therefore ends, now a Toast, with your leave—
May *Wisdom* our Councils compose,
May *Britons* be Friends, and forget and forgive,
And at *Faction* each turn up his *Nose*.

SERIOSITY.

TUNE.

"This cold flinty Heart it is you who have warm'd."

WHITE Winter has left us, with all its chill train,
And fruitful Spring puts forth its buds o'er the plain;
The Birds their glad welcome by warblings express,
All Nature seems pleas'd at the change of her dress.

Let us take example, and merrily sing,
Each moment at midnight to us is new Spring;
Our green cover'd Table, a Garden for Souls,
Our Nosegays are Bumpers we gather from Bowls.

With Daisies, with King-cups, the meadows are crown'd,
But Blossoms from *Bacchus* our Verdure surround;
'*Tis Life*—and such *Life* too, which only *Bucks* know,
As for *Death*, we can talk about him when we go.

When coffin'd, no matter to us all the fun,
The smart things we've said, or the droll things we've done;
Future Fame's all a joke—I'm for Life's present treat,
What's to come may be queer, for *To-morrow's* a cheat.

'Tis certain that, one by one, all must resign
The post of true pleasure, *Health*, *Women*, and *Wine*.
Think, Ladies, what Life is, and Living improve,
To bilk the base worms, bestow *Beauty* on *Love*.

As we ought, we reflect on Life's pleasure and pain,
We have liv'd, drank, and lov'd, we'll repeat them again,
While *Desires* depend on *Ability's* aid—
But Faculty's failing,—here *Sexton* your spade.

I have acted from *Instinct*, I've liv'd upon *Whim*,
As to *Prudence*—I can't say I e'er drank with him;
With the *Sun* tho' I've drove round the Bottle in Tune,
And have labour'd all Night with Queen Midwife the *Moon*.

As to Sins,—why, *Repentance* will shorten our score,
The lowest have *Hopes*, and the highest no more;
We speak as we feel, and we act as we think,
And to Men of such Methods a Bumper we'll drink.

Here's to those who, like us, *Affectations* defy,
Not *Spendthrifts* of life, nor like *Misers* wou'd dye:
When call'd on to pay, calmly cast up expence,
And drink their last Toast—*A good Journey from hence.*



SLEEP.

TUNE.
"By the gayly circling Glass."

SLEEP, thou leaden, lazy God,
What's thy Balm for Sorrow's Wound?
What thy restorative Rod,
Can it render Wretches sound?
Not thy *Wand*,—no, no! 'tis *Wine*,
Wine can all Distress defy;
Ecce Signum, here's the sign,
Don't believe me, drink and try.

Let the restless *Sleep* invoke,
Sleep which cicatrizes Care;
Let—but, I say, *Sleep*'s a joke,
Wine's the Dose against *Despair.*
What we have been?—why, farewell!—
What we might be?—we'll not think.—
What we shall be!—who can tell?
Here we are, and here we'll drink.

When my Face deep wrinkles seize,
And my Head with palsy shakes;
When the Gout benumbs the Knees,
And the Voice, once manly, breaks;
When the Sunken Cheeks shews pale,
And the hollow Eyes blear dim;
When the Ear and Mem'ry fail,
And unnerv'd each wither'd Limb.

Then repining, then I'll say,
Life, alas! is all a Cheat!
When I've nothing left to pay,
Envious, then, abuse the Treat.
Soon or late, but late's too soon,
Who will trust to-morrow may;
Thinking puts one out of Tune,
Let us drink, my Lads, to-day.

Day by day, and night by night,
Joyful Jubilees we keep;
Life we measure by Delight,
Tell me,—have we time to sleep?
Present Time is in our power,
And the means that Time t' improve;
Taste it, 'tis Enjoyment's Hour,
Pledge me, lads, in *Wine and Love.*

Let the Glass and Lass be kiss'd,
Let not coyness chill the scene;
To excuse, or to resist,
Is High Treason to Love's Queen.
Pouting Lips, and panting Breasts,
Pressing, mingling, murm'ring join;
Wine inspiring Beauty's guests,
Pledge me, lads, 'tis *Love and Wine.*

THE SQUABBLE.

TUNE.
"Push the Bottle about," &c.

ON *Ida* one day, at Olympical feast,
The Lass-loving *Jove* was the Host, Sir,
Who gayly proposing a Health to the Best,
On *Venus* he fix'd for his Toast, Sir;
Each Deity smil'd as the Glass went about,
But, pettishly, *Pallas* her Bumper threw out,
She spoke not, but seem'd by her manner to doubt
The justice of toasting Miss *Venus*.

Then *Juno* broke silence, and swore by her power,
Her face looking pale like a Spectre,
"The Liquor was turning excessively sour,
"The Toast gave a Fust to the Nectar."
Minerva maliciously seconds the Queen,
"I wonder, Papa, what it is you can mean,
"Sure other Celestials are sweet and as clean,"
Tho' not quite so common as *Venus*.

Dear M'em, *replies Demirep Dio*, and bow'd,
Your breeding just pars your good-nature,
But ask the Gods round, and, *Nem. Con.* 'tis allow'd,
To all I'm superior in Feature.
To be sure you're a Prude, and Enjoyment to spite,
That ugly Shield bear, as if Lovers you'll fright,
Enough, they are scar'd when they've once had a sight
Of the old-maiden face of *Minerva*.

Her Sov'reign and Spouse haughty *Juno* may teize,
And bed-chamber women be rating,
And you, Miss *Militia*, as long as you please,
May listen to *Sophisters* prating;
But I, who am Empress of Love and its Laws,
Who have from immortals and Mortals applause,
Whose Beauties—but Beauty (*quoth Vulcan*) has flaws;
When *Mars* knit his brow and look'd frowning.

Jove rose in a rage, as he rose tho', he reel'd,
And Hiccups gave out by the hundred;
Like Artists on Ice, to the right and left wheel'd,
By *Styx* then he swore and he thunder'd:
" Two to one, Madam *Ox-Eye*, is very foul play;
" Miss *Brain-born* I beg you'll dispatch and away,
" Or what *Paris* told me of both, I shall say."
The Goddesses went away grumbling.

Come, come! (says young *Bacchus*) pray, father, have done,
They are off; in the Milky-Way, walking,
We'll drink and be merry, the Gossips are gone—
Of a Song brother *Phœbus* was talking.
Apollo began, with the help of the Nine,
The Ladies returning, good-natur'dly join,
Such power has *Music* when mingled with *Wine*,
All friendly were fuddled together.

THE PORTRAIT;

OR,

LA, LA, LA.

TUNE.

"Colin and Phæbe."

YE Bibbers who sip limpid *Helicon's* Rill,
Ye Lords of large Manors on Parnassus Hill,
Allow me, a Scribbler, to try at Solfa,
And languish, in liquids, a Love-Song, *la*, *la*.

The Grubber in Kennels for old Iron seeks,
A Grubber for Thoughts scrubs the Streams of the Greeks;
With stumpy Quills raking each Classical Spa,
To pick up some Simile Fragments, *la*, *la*.

I wou'd, if I cou'd, with the Muses make free,
But which of those Sisters will listen to me?
Attraction I want, their attention to draw,
As I'm old, they'll object, that it must be, *la*, *la*.

Ye Ladies of *Lapland* who beesoms bestride,
Or, pair'd in Witch Whiskeys, aslant the Moon slide;
If Fiends, or if Friends, you have harness'd to draw,
Let me be Postilion, and trot on *la*, *la*.

Ground Ivy has crown'd me instead of the *Bays*,
Right Hollands inspires my rare Roundelays;
Miss *Soap Suds* I sing, by Poetical Law,
To *Shifts* more than to *Shirts* we are put, *la*, *la*, *la*.

Ye Dabblers in Distichs wherever ye snore,
On flock beds in cellars, or Garretteers soar,
Arouze from your blankets, assist me to draw,
My Love's half, three-quarters, and whole-length,
la, la.

Her Eye-brows are Cross-bows, the Bolts are her Looks,
With which my poor Senses are knock'd down like Rooks;
Her Cheeks—but who can a comparison draw?
Not Carmine,—no, no; she has none! 'tis *la, la!*

Her Lips! and such Lips, and such Kisses they gave,
That Prudence was gagg'd, and sent off as a slave;
They found in my Mind's *Magna Charta* a flaw;
Non-suited my Judgement, and cast me, LA, LA!

Her Neck has great Grace, after Meat and before;
Her Legs, but, alas! I must mention no more,
For *Decency*, lately, has kept me in awe,
So to say any more wou'd be, but *paw, paw, paw.*

A TOAST.

TUNE.
"Ye Lads who approve."

WHEN running Life's Race,
We gallop apace,
Each strives to be first at the Post;
Mount *Hope* with Catch-weights,
For *Fame's* Give-and-take Plates,
And pray what is Fame but *a Toast?*

The Taste of our days
Is poaching for praise,
All Men of their Services boast;
The Ladies by Dress,
The same ardour express,
Each wou'd if she cou'd be *a Toast.*

Both Sexes agree,
Over Wine to be free,
For Freedom's an Englishman's boast;
As freely we think,
So as freely we drink,
And a *Sentiment* give for *a Toast.*

What is Life? prithee say,
But a Glass and away,
While Health is our ruddy-fac'd Host;
But when we abuse him,
We're certain to lose him,
By taking too much of *a Toast.*

These Common-place Rhimes
Suit Common-place Times,
Who now can of Genius boast?—
Why, really, I think
'Tis a Science to drink,
And there's Genius in giving a *Toast.*

Even Politics fail,
Altercation grows stale,
Of what now can either side boast?
No matter to us,
All their Farce and their Fuss,
Deserves not the name of a *Toast.*

The Riots and Routs
Of the *Ins* and the *Outs*,
Is only a newspaper roast;
Of *Cricket* I sing,
In and *Out* there's the thing,
And there I'll attempt a *new Toast*.

May our *Innings* be long,
May our *bowling* be strong,
Middle-wicket I chuse for my post;
Come, bumper away,
'Twixt the Stumps your Balls play,
And *win the Game Love*—that's the *Toast*.

THE WORLD.

TUNE.
"The Schemes of my Sex I abhor and detest."

THE World, and its Works, which we grieve to forsake,
Are good or bad, just as we hit or mistake;
We write and we wrangle, make parties and plan,
As wise when we finish as when we began;
So let us laugh on, to be serious is sad,
A Man in his Senses wou'd now be thought mad.

Our Senses are bubbles in Vanity's Fair,
And Men-children sillily make a shew there.
Each mounting his hobby-horse starts for the race,
Expects Admiration, but ends in Disgrace;
For so Dissipation our training has schem'd,
The more we're look'd into, the less we're esteem'd.

Behold the Booth's Shew-cloth to draw the croud in,
The Rustics are wrinkl'd with open-mouth grin.
Each Muscle's in motion at *Andrew's* grimace,
Who tickles the throng 'till they push in for place;
Pray tell me what more is the World's present plan,
Than places to get in, and push who push can.

The shirtless untrowzer'd Philosophers Saws,
Once obsolete Reason pretended were Laws;
But *Instinct* turn'd Rebel, so *Instinct* was try'd,
The *Passions* were Jurors, NOT GUILTY! they cry'd.
Keep *Sapience* in schools, *Folly* now is the mode,
Truth's ways want repairing, I'll ride the new Road.

My Bottle's my Hunter, I mount with a Song,
And ti-tup about like a Sunday-hack throng.
Each raises his Portion of Dust for the day,
And he who's a Buck here will dust it away.
We'll laugh at the Dust which is made about Town,
And up with our Brushers, to brush the Dust down.



BEEF AND A BUMPER.

TUNE.

" Accept of my Ditty without finding fault."

LET those who have nothing to do but to hear,
And those who have nothing to do but to sneer,
Glean *Scandal* from *Infamy's* stubble;
Praise is but a vapour, and *Censure* the same,
Go ask of Philosophers *what they call Fame?*
'Tis *Anglice*, *Vanity's* bubble.

This scribbling, this pen-and-ink-itch is a crime,
Yet Heaven forgive each poor Sinner in Rhime,
Condemn'd to the penance of Thinking;
For what are all Similes to a Sirloin,
The flowing of Fountains to filling of Wine?
Huzza! for good eating and drinking.

The *Sapphics* so soft, the *Pindarics* so rare,
The *Epics*, *Iambics*, and such sort of fare,
With many more names that are harder.
To *Turtle*, what signifies *Tytire tu?*
With Classics, I beg you'll have nothing to do,
But study the style of a Larder.

Parnassus and *Pegasus*, cold *Hypocrene*,
Are words which I warrant give school-boys the spleen.
And as to the Pedant *Apollo*,
Let him take his Snuff, let his Sisters drink Tea,
No Coxcombs I want, Sir, no old Maids for me,
But *Bacchus* and *Venus* I'll follow.

The Choice Spirit Horace compos'd Lyric Verse,
Catullus and *Ovid* good Scholars rehearse,
Cap, scan 'em, and conjugate clever;
My Sentiments are for a *Sentiment Toast*,
And *Syntax* abolish for *bak'd*, *boil'd*, and *roast*.
So BEEF and a BUMPER for ever!

SPRING.

TUNE.
"Come! pledge me Love, &c."

LOOK round, my Love! how chang'd the Scene,
So late white o'er with Snow;
Now 'ray'd in flow'r enamell'd green,
How rich the meadows shew?

The Sun creative pow'r resumes,
And warms the breezy air;
The bursting buds expand their blooms,
While birds their nests prepare.

The Herds, and Flocks on herbage feed,
Sweet Spring renews its pride;
The Ice-bound Streams from fetters freed,
Now tinkling, roll their tide.

On leafless boughs no candy'd frost
In icycles appears;
But as in grief, for Winter lost,
Dissolving into tears.

Thus sordid senseless Human Kind
But mere existence prove;
'Till Beauty's Sunshine ope's the Mind,
And melts the Mass to Love.

For spite of Wealth, or Power's controul,
Or all the Wise can say,
'Till WOMAN warms the frozen soul,
We are but Clods of Clay.

A WONDER.

TUNE.
"Since Life's but a Jest."

A Wonder! a Wonder! a Wonder I'll shew,
You'll wonder, indeed, when this Wonder you know,
We are wonderful high, and as wonderful low.
Which nobody can deny.

We always are wond'ring at ev'ry thing new,
The good things we wonder at rich people do,
'Tis a Wonder indeed if such Wonders are true.

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout,
While some blunder in other folks blunder out,
We wonder what Blunderers can be about.

One Side says the Times are so good they are glad;
The Times, says the other side, ne'er were so bad:
No Wonder if this Side or that Side is mad.

For the Times, I some Patriot Changes propose,—
That our Taxes be less, and we wear plainer cloaths;
And that ev'ry wearer may pay what he owes.

Imprimis,—reflect on the Taxes on Wheels,
On Cards, and the Claret we waste at our meals;
These grievances each party equally feels.

To be sure we must own 'tis cursed provoking,
To see how some people their vices are cloaking,
While *Virtue*——but, neighbours, don't think I am joking.

For my Grandfather said, and his name's rever'd,
That his Father's Father had often times heard,
How *Virtue*, when he was a school-boy, appear'd.

She fled without leaving behind her directions,
'Twas in vain she observ'd to oppose such connexions,
As Turtle-feasts, Cuckoldoms, Cards, and Elections.

You may think me severe, but indeed you think wrong,
I promis'd a Wonder at first in my Song,
And the Wonder is—How could you listen so long?
Which nobody can deny.

THE PARADE.

TUNE.

"While others strive by pompous Phrase."

LET those attend who seek the choice,
Here, independent, we rejoice;
We look, we like, we meet, we part,
As Instinct prompts the feeling heart.
While many Groups miscall'd the great,
Surrounded by insipid State,
The Health of Peace abuse.
In Party's tumult, Pomp's fatigue,
Place, Popularity's intrigue,
Life's social scenes they lose.

The Danglers at a Birth-night's glare,
As Toyshop Figures, fin'ry wear,
Like winnow'd chaff shift to and fro',
In all the fuss and farce of shew.
As flies to Sunshine spread their wings,
So up and down these idle things,
In courtly Sunbeams play.
The Nobles smile to see the train,
Which, with a blush, they must maintain,
To garnish Grandeur's day.

Daughters of Dignity and Grace,
Ye high-bred Dames of haughty Race,
What think you, 'midst your Di'mond blaze,
Your crouded Routs, and *Gala* days?
Tho' sordid Flatt'ry's servile grin
Extols your forms, is all within
Fit for Contentment's dome?
Sisters of Fashion laugh and love,
Tho' round you all the Graces move,
Yet how are things at Home?

Your stucco'd Ceilings, emboss'd Plate,
Your Carpets, Robes, and Beds of State,
Where Gold and Silver Cupids wove,
Exhibit artificial Love.—
Can Down, or fring'd Embroidery's art,
Affection win or warm the Heart,
Or strengthen Vigour's stores?
Perhaps, 'midst all the waste of Pride,
The Fribble yawns at Beauty's side,
Or sottish Husband snores.

While we, as marry'd folks shou'd do,
On neat unvarnish'd Love fall to.
Satiety ne'er bids us roam,
We find Fruition's feast at home;
Beyond all mercenary charms,
Pure Inclination opes her arms.
Give *Cæsar Cæsar's* due.
May *Friendship* fill the manly breast,
And *Gratitude* be Beauty's guest,
And each to each be true.

THE FRIGHT.

TUNE.
"Ah! Chloe! transported, I cry'd."

ONE Ev'ning alone in the Grove,
Miss sat on the side of the Green,
She wonder'd at what they call Love,
And what it was marry'd folks mean.
"All night how I tumble and toss,
"Yet neither want manner nor means;
"Alas! must I live to my Loss,
"And wither away in my Teens?"

Young Rhodophil ran up the slope,
As if he some Sport had in view;
She trembl'd, betwixt Fear and Hope,
Irresolute what she shou'd do.
She saw him advance to her seat,
She saw him, but cou'd not away;
Love fix'd a large weight to her feet,
Curiosity told her to stay.

Desire gave grace to his tongue,
As Lovers to Lovers will speak;
Enamour'd, he over her hung,
Then bow'd down his Lips to her Cheek.
He knelt, she attempted to rise,
Tho' 'twas but a feeble essay;
The wildness he wore in his eyes,
So scar'd her she fainted away.

TIME KILLERS.

TUNE.
"How foolish weak Women believe."

HOW weak is the Wisdom of Man?
How foolish the fancy of Taste?
Admitting that Life's but a Span,
That Span must we wantonly waste?
About we dissatisfy'd move,
And ramble from climate to clime;
Yet neither enjoy nor improve,
But only, alas! to kill Time.

Ye Husbands, rash Dupes to Excess,
Pretend to live damn'd honest lives,
Ingrates to the good ye possess,
You abuse both your Time and your Wives.
At midnight inebriate reel,
A prey to foul Prostitute's lure,
O! think what Affection must feel,
What delicate Wives may endure?

The Gun-loaded 'Squire will toil
All day with keen Industry's care,
Incessantly anxious to spoil,
The innocent Tenants of Air.
Or after the Fox bursts away,
Swift down the wind gallops along;
The Mischiefs that chance in the Day,
At Night furnish Fun for a Song.

At Toilets how Beauties appear,
Like Fowlers they arm and take aim;
High charg'd with Curls, tier over tier,
And animal Man is their Game.
Sometimes with less dangerous arts
The fair, Dissipations pursue,
If Trifles did not take their parts,
With horrid Time what cou'd they do?

When fine Women do as they please,
They hear not the Nursery's din;
No Husband's absurdities teaze,
They fly such dull Scenes to *cut in*.
Dear Bragg, Hazard, Loo, and Quadrille,
Delightful! extatic! immense!
With them each Reflection they kill,
And escape all the trouble of Sense.

Yet, Lovelies, before 'tis too late,
While yet the pulse beats in its prime,
Consider that wrinkles await,
And make up your Quarrel with Time.
Before 'tis too late, so will we—
Too long I've your patience be-rhim'd,
With Time may we henceforth agree,
And henceforth all things be well-tim'd.

THE FUNERAL.

TUNE.

"Come ye careless, come and hear me."

SEE the Pall-supporting Bearers,
All in Undertaker's shew;
See the train of Sable-wearers,
Acting ev'ry Mode of woe.
Silent crouds the spot surrounding,
Call'd the GRAND RECEIVER'S Dome;
Dismal tolling Tenor sounding,
Fellow Mortals follow Home.

List! oh list! ye State Declaimers,
On whose words the many dwell;
Place-bestowing, Patriot-tamers,
Hark! oh hark! 'tis Grandeur's Knell.
Heralds loud proclaim the Honours
Which this once puissant past;
Tell his Titles, count his Manors,
Lord of only this at last.

View the Tomb with Sculpture splendid,
View the Sod with Briars bound;
There the Farce of Finery's ended,
All are equal under ground.
Fashions there, there *Envy*'s banish'd,
Beauties there can't plead their forms;
There *Precedencies* are vanish'd,
Offals ALL to odious worms.

Wise folks, weak ones, poor, and wealthy,
Tenant unremitting Graves;
Haughty, humble, sick, and healthy,
Briton's sons, and Asian slaves.
Gloom no more the brow with sorrow,
Meet the moment, come what may;
If we're all to dye To-morrow,
Let us live, my Lads, To-day.

We'll not lavish Life's expences,
Nor be Niggards when we pay;
Let us please, not pall our Senses,
This is Reason's holiday.
Here, to Dunces bid defiance,
Affectations disapprove;
Here's my Toast,—*The grand Alliance*,
FRIENDSHIP, FREEDOM, WIT, and LOVE.

THE COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE.

TUNE.

"Had pretty Miss been at a Dancing-School bred."

THO' a *Cobler* is call'd but a low occupation,
The practice of *cobling* is come into fashion,
From me up to those who wou'd *cobble* the nation.

Some say that Old England wants *heel-piecing*, true,
Our Country is trod upon like an old Shoe,
And may *Heel-pieces* want, aye, and *Head-pieces* too.

One, *vamping* our old Constitution pretends,
And *turn* and *translate* it to serve self and friends,
All this is but *botching* to serve their own *Ends*.

Each Roof in this Island with Liberty rings,
The Good of their Country each Party-man sings,
The Sense of that Phrase is,—My Country's good Things.

If I, but how shou'd I the State have a hand in?
Good souls I'd be picking, the bad be disbanding,
And then we shou'd come to a right understanding.

Against Want the cunning man wisely provides,
A Storm-shunning shepherd beneath a bush hides,
So as the Times change we are sure to change Sides.

With my *Awl* in my hand I'll Old England defend,
Giving room to my betters who've much room to mend,
May they soon become better, or soon have an end.

To those who are heedless what here may mishap,
Their hearts are as hard as the Stone in my lap,
They're taking their swing, wou'd their swing was
my Strap.

I begin to wax warm, so I'll close up my seam,
Or else I cou'd hammer out such a fine theme,
It was about something I saw'd in a dream.

To my *Last* I am come, and that shall not last long,
So this is the last of a poor Cobler's Song,
May they now be right who till now have been
wrong.

MUM.

TUNE.
"Ye medley of mortals."

YE Gossips who blab out the secrets of State,
Ye Tell-tales who over the tea-tables prate,
Ye Boasters of Favours from Beauties o'ercome,
Be wiser, poor Pratlers, henceforward be *mum*,
Sing tantararara mum all.

Ye Wives who have Husbands neglecting their duties,
That time give the Bottle that's due to your beauties;
Would you cure them? take care when in drink they
reel home,
To receive them with smiles, and resolve to be *mum*.

It is good to hold fast, to hold much, or hold long,
But the best hold of all is the holding your Tongue;
Tho' Wits by their words good companions become,
Can they get half so much as the Man who is *mum*?

The Servant who slily keeps silent will rise,
His ears he must doubt, nor give faith to his eyes;
Ask the fine Waiting-maid how she rich cou'd become,
She will curt'sy and answer, *because I was mum.*

But enough has been said, and enough has been sung;
Remember, dear friends, keep good watch o'er your Tongue;
I have no more to say, to an end I am come,
My Rhymes are all out, I must henceforth be *mum.*
Sing tantararara mum all.

THE HUM.

TUNE.
"Push about the brisk Bowl."

PUSH about the brisk Bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the——Stay!
What business have I an old Song to impart,
When I, Sirs, a new one can say, can say,
When I, Sirs, a new one can say.

What shall I first say, or what shall I first do?
What best will my bad voice become?
Why faith, Sirs, I'll strive by my verses to shew;
That Life is, alas! but a *Hum.*

Children weep at their birth, and old men when they die,
At Death the most happy look glum;
At our Entrance and Exit we equally cry,
Which proves our Life's plainly a *Hum*.

Law and Physic you see will make sure of the fee,
What advice to you gratis will come;
If poor, you are lost, tho' merit you boast,
For *Worth* without *Wealth* is a *Hum*.

Acquaintance pretend that your fortunes they'll mend,
And vow to your service they'll come;
But be you in need, and you'll find that indeed,
Modern Friendship is merely a *Hum*.

When some Ladies kneel, small devotion they feel,
(But let us be modest and mum)
At the altar they bow, but 'tis only for shew,
Religion with them is a *Hum*.

We are *humm'd* from our birth, till we're *humm'd* into earth,
To an end of our jokes then we come:
Take your Glass, my brisk brother, and I'll take another,
And thus make the most of a *Hum*, a *Hum*,
And let's make the most of a *Hum*.



THE PARENT.

TUNE.

"Away with the Strife, the Uproar of State."

A FOND Father's bliss is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on their face;
With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
Men of pleasure be mute, this is Life's lovely view;
When we look on our young ones our youth we renew.

Thus living we love, and thus loving enjoy;
No Deceit here distracts, no Debauches destroy;
From the May-morn of Youth unto Winter's white age,
Hand in hand, with contentment, we sing thro' Life's stage;
When Death bids us stop we end easy our Song,
And give the Gods thanks that we've liv'd well so long.

SELF.

TUNE.

"I met with a Maiden one day at the Fair."

SAYS I to my Tutor, Sir, what shall I do,
Shall I think to accumulate pelf?
Or Learning or Glory, which must I pursue?
Converse, quoth the Put, *with yourself.*

Myself I address'd, but Self seem'd in a huff,
Replying, *we ne'er shall agree*,
For *Drinking* and *Cards*, *Folly*, *Shame*, and such stuff,
Had charg'd all their Odiums on me.

Non est factum, says I, and resolv'd to be try'd,
Conceit bid me hope for some sport;
To Sessions I ran, I had *Laugh* on my side,
Intending to hum the whole Court.

But *Reflection*, a wretch who had no bus'ness there,
Not *Memory*, yet wou'd come in;
Repentance bid *Pleasure* descend from the Chair,
And order'd the Cause to begin.

I begg'd a permission to call in my friends
To prove the defence I shou'd make;
Quoth Self as to Friendship he serv'd his own ends,
And only did things for my sake.

For his Mistress in Gaiety I was maintain'd,
For me he a Madman has prov'd;
Tho' he may to hundreds affection have feign'd,
Yet me, and me only he lov'd.

In a pet I resolv'd not a Witness to call,
The *general Issue* my Plea;
But challeng'd the Court, Judge and Jury, and all,
That they were as guilty as me.

'Tis the Loadstone of Life, to that point the world turns,
For Man is a miserly Elf,
Who cries and laughs, loves and hates, flatters and scorns,
As Interest acts upon Self.

But now I'm awake—I that Logic deny,
Which proves Self the ruler of Man;
To a Heart that can feel, weeping Beauty apply,
Let him think then of Self if he can.

'Till WOMAN has civiliz'd savage mankind,
We cannot susceptible prove;
But when her perfections have beam'd on our mind,
We're brighten'd to Wisdom and Love.

Ye Scoffers begone, ye ridiculous base—
To *Gratitude* first be my Toast;
May *Merit* meet always with *Friendship's* embrace,
And each in each other be lost.

THE POINT.

TUNE.
"I will tell you what, Friend."

SINCE at last I am free,
Contented I'll be,
O'er briars barefooted to go;
Or lost in the rain,
Upon Sal'sbury Plain,
Or left without cloaths in the snow.

Or if I shou'd perch
On the top of Paul's Church,
The hottest day, just about noon,
Astride the cross sat,
Without hood, or hat,
I'd whistle off pain with a Tune.

For now I am FREE,
No low spirits for me,
I laugh at all Crosses I find;
I think as I please,
And reflect at my ease,
For Liberty lies in the mind.

To my Fancy I live,
And what Fancy can give,
I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream;
Observe the world through,
Do others pursue
Ought else than a fanciful scheme?

Some fancy the Court,
Some fancy Field-sport,
The Chace of a Beauty some chuse;
The Topers with Wine,
The Misers with Coin,
And Poets are pleas'd with their Muse.

La Mancha's mad Knight,
With Wind-mills wou'd fight,
Like him our attempts are a jest;
With envy insane,
And with projects so vain,
Each sneers at the schemes of the rest.

This Extravagancy
On Folly or Fancy,
Appears to be rather too long;
With something that's shrewd,
I wish to conclude,
And make this an Epigram Song.

In a Point it must end,
On a Point I depend,
And like a staunch Pointer I'll stand;
I appoint you to sing,
I appoint you to ring,
And a Scotch Pint of Claret command.

TOM O' BEDLAM.

TUNE.

"Young Jockey he courted sweet Mogg the Brunette."

BARE-FOOT and Head-bare, his Blanket tight skewer'd,
Tom o' Bedlam paraded, erect as my Lord;
The Boys left their play, as his raggedness scar'd,
The Mob pity-struck, at his misery star'd.
Girls laugh'd, and the Fops, fashion-form'd for the day,
Shrill screaming on tiptoe stole trembling away,
While Infants crept close, in their mothers arms hid,
Tom, Beauty-like mov'd, heedless what harm he did.

Where's the Devil? quoth Tom, *where's the Devil I say?*
Good folks have you not seen the Devil to-day?
A Brother, just cur'd, cries—"Where Old Nick does dwell,
"Come hither, I'll shew you;—look, there is his Hell.
"Behold those round Pillars with Ram's-horns on top,
"A Palace some call it, I say 'tis his Shop,
"*Attendance*, *dependance*, there move round and round,
"And where such a Dance is, the Damn'd must be found.

"The Fiend of Revenge this vile torment made out,
"'Twixt *Hope* and *Despair*, to hang souls up in doubt.
"*Expectation*, indeed, may fill *Vanity's* head,
"But poor must we live when by *Promises* fed.

"I honour the *Great*, who dare greatly behave,
"I *dissent* not from *Pique*, nor *assent* as a *Slave*,
"For *Englishmen* scorn base earn'd bread to receive."
Such a damn'd life, *quoth Tom*, I'll be damn'd if I live.

That moment a *Methodist* came to the place,
Hair tuck'd behind ears, and Zeal's cant on his face;
He threaten'd, he groan'd, he grimac'd, and he whin'd,
The Mad Fellows mounted and seiz'd him behind.
The Multitude question'd why he was us'd thus;
He has broke out, *quoth Tom*,—he's, you see, one of us.
To their Hospital dragg'd him, he there was unloos'd,
Tom cry'd out—*At Bedlam is Madness refus'd?*

His Comate reply'd—Brother *Tom* do not fret,
The World only works now for what it can get;
Such sad objects as we are, it cares not about,
What has Interest to do, with us two, in or out?
But this a Decoy Duck, who brings in great gains,
And tunnels his hearers by turning their brains.
If he's stopp'd, folks will follow some mischief as bad,
For one way or other, the *World* will be *mad.*

Here's a Bumper, my Boys, may we still find the way,
To speak what we know, and to know what we say.
Ye big Wigs of *Gresham* some *Nostrum* compound,
To keep our *Heads* clear and preserve our *Hearts* sound.
May *Greatness* and *Goodness* as partners agree,
May our sons, like ourselves, social sing, WE ARE FREE!
And may we, self conscious, presumption despise,
Nor e'er be so *mad* as to think ourselves wise.

SEMELE.

TUNE.

"Hang whining and pining, lay hold of your Glass."

EXTINGUISH the candles, give *Phœbus* fair play,
The shutters unbolt, let us honour the day;
My Lady *Lucina* we've drove from her post,
The Sun shines upon us, we'll give him a Toast.

Says *Caution*, the neighbours are passing along,
They'll look thro' the sashes, and tell us we're wrong:
Remonstrance avaunt—what is all they can say?
But they've slept all night whilst we drank it away.

Ye Tutors, Disputers, ye dignify'd Doctors,
Ye Majors, ye Minors, with Prebends and Proctors,
What Sense is it, prithee, which tells us to think?
When all our seven Senses declare we shou'd drink.

Our Patron is *Bacchus*, and *Jove* was his Sire,
He was born in a Burst of Celestial Fire;
Mamma begg'd the God wou'd come worthy her charms,
The Light'ning of Love prov'd too much for her Arms.

From her, in a moment, the Baby was snatch'd,
And into a Buck by Nurse *Jupiter* hatch'd;
Th' Immortal to expiate *Semele's* Rape,
Bestow'd on his Foundling the Gift of the Grape.

Ye Love-sick who live on the Shine of an Eye,
The Red of a Cheek, or the Tone of a Sigh;
Impress'd by the Smiles or the Frowns of a Fair,
As Weather-glass shews Variations of Air.

In Country or Town you have, seen without doubt,
A *Dancing-Bear* led by a ring in his snout;
While *Pug* plays his tricks if you shew him some fruit,
These Emblems, ye Ladies, will most Lovers suit.

If Girls won't comply why we never run mad,
But away to the next, as enough may be had;
If again we're repuls'd, we ne'er hang nor despair,
But in Wine comfort seek, we are sure of it there.

Draw your Bows ye *Crochetti* in Music's defence,
With *Sound* I'm for having a portion of *Sense;*
Give me a Bell's Tinkle, a *fat* Landlord's Roar,
With a good Fellow's Bellow—*Bring six Bottles more.*

Six Bottles! we'll have them, and bumper away,
We've drank up the Night and we'll drink down the Day;
Here's their Healths, who to Wine and their Words will be just,
Here's the Girl that we love, and the Friend we can trust.

CONTENTMENT.

TUNE.
"Ye Nobles who hurry thro' ev'ry gay Toil."

THE Poachers for Fortune who Damsels ensnare,
With Dress and Addresses deceive;
To Lasses of Wealth how those Miscreants swear,
And, alas! how the Lasses believe.

Nay, some Ladies seem to expect being lost,
They trust whom they know are forsworn,
They listen to him who has ruin'd the most,
And hope to be ruin'd in turn.

Can this be believ'd?—no!—the Song-maker jokes,
'Tis the tale of a slanderous crew;
A Sigh!—then I fear that there may be some folks
Who are sorry to say it is true.

But when Love for Love is receiv'd on each side,
How Tenderness smiles on the pair;
This, this is a triumph, and this is my pride,
I enjoy such a favourite Fair.

No Paint in her Face,—no Art in her Mind,
Her Thoughts are explain'd by her Eyes;
From *Principle* faithful, from *Gratitude* kind,
And scorns the Deceit of Disguise.

All along on the Slope, by the side of a stream,
Our hours we happily pass;
My Head on her Lap, while my Love is her Theme,
And my Looks I lift up to my Lass.

Enjoying the Breeze from the fields of new hay,
We gather the Summer's sweet pride;
Or point to the Brook where the small Fishes play,
And count them beneath the clear tide.

In Rooms rich embellish'd with Luxury's Store,
Let wealth pamper'd Indolence yawn;
Let Wantonness act her delirium's o'er,
'Till Dupes to her dungeon are drawn.

Let common-place Fondness her blandishments spread,
And tempt by the Toilet's parade;
The Squeeze, the soft Sigh, wanton Glance, and sly Tread,
Are Pantomime Tricks of her Trade.

I have try'd, and can tell,—I have frolick'd away,
And follow'd the fashion of Fun;
The same Farce have acted that's play'd at this day,
And while the World wheels will be done.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

TUNE.

"To take in good part the soft Squeezes, &c."

THERE is one thing, my Friends, I must offer to you,
'Tis, *Give to Old Nick what to Old Nick is due;*
What *he* owes to us I can venture to say.
Like a Dæmon of Rank, upon Honour he'll pay.

Tho' you smile at my System, and sneer at my Song,
His Worship's allow'd to be Prince of *Bon Ton*;
Now thus lies the bus'ness, Sirs, as we're polite,
And practise good manners, pray what is his Right?

The Devil is in you's a phrase daily us'd,
Yet oft, by such language the Devil's abus'd.
Tho' some hollow Hearts may have much room to spare,
The Devil himself wou'd not chuse to dwell there.

Some People affect with this World to be sick,
And give themselves up in a pet to Old Nick;
Devil fetch me! they cry, but if SATAN they knew,
His *Honour* has much better bus'ness to do,

Tho' of Darkness he's King, he's a Prince of the Air,
And with his *Infernalship* we shou'd deal fair;
The chearful Day's rul'd by the *Angel* of Light,
And the *Devil* (Lord bless us) is *Monarch* of *Night*.

His torturing spirits around him await,
As Watchmen attend on the Constable's state;
Those Imps of Authority sally in shoals,
And pennyless Strumpets drag in as damn'd Souls.

The Hell upon Earth, and Life's Dev'lish Disease,
Is Poverty sinning, and seiz'd on for Fees;
Deep in Darkness that Dross we call Money was hid,
A proof that the Use on't to us was forbid.

But *Pluto*, the Devil's old heathenish name,
Brought it forth from below, as a Varnish for Shame.
Persuasion, *Temptation*, attended the Gold,
'Till all have been bid for, and few are unsold.

We are Dev'lishly odd, in a Dev'lish odd Way,
Since Bribe as Bribe can, there's *the Devil to pay* ;
The *Devil* of *Party* makes damnable rout,
Tho' the *Devil* a bit can we tell what about.

May *Satan* seize those who by purchase deceive,
May they take the same Road who such things receive ;
But may we preserve HONEST Men, tho' they're few,
Export all the rest, give *the Devil his Due.*

PRESENT TASTE.

TUNE.
"Last Night, in my Dream, I beheld a brown Lass."

ONE day meeting *Momus*, it was upon 'Change,
Accosting the Droll with—What News ?
By the Foot of *Alcides* (quoth he) it is strange,
That the *English* shou'd *England* abuse.
As *Locusts*, in swarms cross the seas for their prey,
As *Woodcocks* first fleshless appear,
So shoals of *imported Illib'rals* this day,
(*Necessity's* Troop) landed here.

Not a *Stroller* from *France*, not a *Vagrant* from *Rome.*
Not a *Swiss* with a *Marmozet* Shew,
But here Men of *Science* and *Breeding* become,
Outlandish Folks ev'ry thing know.
The Rich will receive them as *Flattery's* Imps,
Servility grins in their looks,
And *British-born Artists* are elbow'd by *Pimps*,
By *Hair-Dressers*, *Dancers*, and *Cooks*.

English Merit, in vain, may attempt at the lead,
All the *Wit* in the world we may waste;
But *Things* from beyond Sea are sure to succeed
They hit the high fashion of *Taste*.
To *Taste* and to *Honour* who has not a claim?
They are worn without any expence;
They are self-bestow'd Gifts, they're *Egotists* Fame,
They're *Knav'ry* and Dunces Defence.

English might be allow'd in the rude days of yore,
Such *Vulgars* we *caant* now endure;
There is Something so soft in the sound of *Signior*,
And immensely polite in *Messieur*.
How coarse sounds the SANDBY'S? in *Merit* indeed,
Those *Brothers* embellish the age?
Can such a rude name now as *Rooker* succeed?
Besides he belongs to the Stage.

All's *vulgar* and *horrid*, *low*, *wretched*, and *flat*,
Of us thus the Connoissieur speaks;
But *exquisite fine*, *'tis immense*, and *all that*,
When he talks about *Gothics* and *Greeks*.
Perhaps my Address a Presumption may seem,
And receiv'd by the Rich as a Sneer;
But with all YOU are worth, to be worthy Esteem,
Do JUSTICE TO GENIUS BORN HERE.



NOBODY AND NOTHING.

TUNE.
"Gee-ho Dobbin."

A STORY, or Song, you have left to my choice,
For one I've no Humour, for t'other no Voice;
In attempting a Tune I like *Nobody* bawl,
And as to a Mimic I'm *nothing* at all.

The wrinkl'd-cheek Critic, call'd '*Squire Syntaxis*,
Pedantical Speaking wou'd bring into practice,
With Classical Gabble may wink and may sneer,
And beg I wou'd make the thing *Nothing* appear.

For Schoolmasters conjugate derivate stuff,
I speak to be understood, that is enough;
The Phrase of *like Nobody* they may condemn,
But as I sing *nothing*, 'tis *nothing* to them.

Now as to this *Nobody* I dare to say,
Altho' we see *Somebody* always in play:
And *sometimes* that *something* may *somehow* be shewn,
Yet *Nobody* only must *many Things* own.

The Public is pester'd with many gay forms,
Like Butterflies, springing from Grubs and from Worms;
Those *well-dress'd Necessities* daily we view,
In *Nobody's* bus'ness with *nothing* to do.

They've *nothing* to think on, they've *nothing* to say,
Nobody's all night, and just *nothing* all day;
At *nothing* they laugh, and at *nothing* they cry,
And *Nobody* cares how they live or they die.

'Tis *Nobody* only can guess the Game play'd,
When *Nobody's* by, betwixt Master and Maid;
Unless Indiscretion shou'd alter their plan,
Nobody knows *nothing* 'twixt Mistress and Man.

The Romp too ripe grown, unless gather'd a Spouse,
Will fall, the first shake, from weak Chastity's boughs;
Dear Captain, she whispers, *somebody* will hear us,
Dear Miss, whispers he, there is *Nobody* near us.

But when she's betray'd by her Passion, to Shame,
And Parents and Guardians begin with their blame;
Who, *I Sir?—not. I Sir!—no! Honour forbid it,*
If I am with Child, it was NOBODY *did it.*

The tread of Gallant by Cornuto is heard,
On tiptoe the Lover from rendezvous scar'd;
Who's there? starts the Husband, *'tis Thieves that I hear,*
But Wife pats his cheek, and lisps, *Nobody!* dear,

Any-body may say, if they please, I am wrong,
Ev'ry-body find Fault, if they please, with my Song;
But careful lest *somebody* we shou'd offend,
I with *Nothing* began, and with *Nobody* end.

WATER.

TUNE.
"The big-belly'd Bottle."

OUR Chorus to *Bacchus*, to *Bacchus* we'll raise,
Long Corks be my Garland instead of the Bays;
With Burgundy's Blessings my Temples anoint,
And toast the first Toper who drank a Half-pint.

My Song is to *Bacchus*, the God of the Vine,
The Engineer Artist to spring Beauty's Mine;
Without him *Wit* pines, and *Love* languidly fades,
Cold Water has kept the *Nine Muses* old Maids.

Quoth *Temperance*, WATER's the Med'cine of health,
And *Water*, quoth *Prudence*, will win a man wealth;
Tho' odd it may seem, as the story's not long,
Once Water help'd *Bacchus*, and thus says the Song.

" It was when his Harvest rejoic'd the parch'd Earth,
" Beneath the first Vine, *Love* on *Wit* begot *Mirth;*
" Yet *Hate* rais'd some Rebels who broke from his sway,
" And, drunk with his bounty, deny'd to obey.

" He harness'd his Tygers, he marshall'd his force,
" *Silenus* was Sutler, Lord *Pan* led the Horse;
" The Ganges they cross'd, came in front of the Foe.
" And struck them all dead, without striking a blow.

" 'Twas *Pan* did the feat, cast them into a fright,
" He crept, like a Fox, thro' their camp in the night;
" All the Wine he drew off, while these Ignorants snor'd,
" And into the Bottles foul Ditch *Water* pour'd.

Each Rebel, next morn, rais'd the Flask to his head,
But chill'd the first gulp, in an ague-fit fled;
Fled, trembling, from Monarch to meanest Mechanic,
From hence came the Phrase, to put Men in a *Pannic*.

MEDIOCRITY.

TUNE.
"Attempt to be happy! but how can that be?"

IN a neighbourly way, with an honest man's fame,
Unoffending, I hope to succeed;
Attend if you please, if you're pleas'd with a name,
Imprimis, let *Probity* lead.

Be careful to keep on *Humility's* side,
Nor ever lose *Gratitude's* view;
Obey not the *Envy* of *Pique* nor of *Pride*,
Nor pilfer from *Merit* its due.

Be assur'd that *Esteem* is a noble Estate,—
Let not a fond smile make you proud;
Nor rail at Men merely because they are Great,
Be not dup'd by the Roar of a Crowd.

Shun *Flattery's* phrase, let not *Promise* allure,
Nor dangle for Dinners in Taste;
Forget not old Friends, tho' perhaps they are poor,
Nor make new Acquaintance in haste.

Oh! suffer not *Interest*, *Friendship* to wean,
Accept not *Servility's* treat;
Nor silently witness *Iniquity's* scene,
But open at once on *Deceit*.

Remember Yourself, spare the shame of your Friend,
Nor carry your *Wit* to excess;
With Spirit the Cause of the Absent defend,
And shrink not your arm from *Distress*.

Oppress not the *Low*, nor be High People's Slave,
Nor ever despair nor be vain;
Howe'er inconsistent the World may behave,
Mediocrity ever maintain.

His views let *Ambition* extend o'er the State,
Let *Avarice* gluttonize Wealth;
No *Nabobs* I wish for, I wou'd not be great,
I only ask humbly for Health.

How chearful, in Health, will my latter days pass,
Unenvy'd, unenvying live;
With the Friends I have prov'd, and my fav'rite Lass,
And PRACTICE THE PRECEPTS I GIVE.

THE SWEETHEARTS.

TUNE.—"DERRY-DOWN."

SINCE the World is so odd, and the Times are so new,
And every thing talk'd of except what is true;
Among other stories my Fable may pass,
Of four or five Sweethearts who courted a Lass.
Derry Down, &c.

The first was from France, a-là-mode de Paris,
All fashion, all feather, bien Monsieur poudrie;
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff agen.

A Dutchman advanc'd, when the Lady he saw,
He dropp'd down his pipe, and he waddl'd out yaw;
With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer,

From Connaught, itself, another Beau came,
Macfinnin Macgragh Ballinbrough was his name;
He bow'd to the Lass, and he star'd at Mounseer,
Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said, *Ah!*——
Arrah, my Dear!

The next a Mess John, of rank Methodist Taint,
Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a saint,
Clos'd hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle his face,
Then turn'd up his eyes as about to say grace.

A neat English Sailor in holiday trim,
Who long lov'd the Lass, and the Lass had lov'd him,
Athwart them all stept, under arm toss'd his switch,
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers a hitch.

***

He along-side her fell, and he grappl'd on board,
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd;
Then he tow'd her to church, and as to the rest,
What afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.
Derry Down, &c.

A LESSON OF LOVE.

TUNE.
"Go on ye gay wantons," &c. &c.

YE *Lexicon Critics*, whose classical pride,
Plain sense and plain English, as moderns, deride;
Yet WOMAN, dear WOMAN! your minds could improve,
Turn Students to her, take *a Lesson of Love.*

Ye *Rustics* who burst from the arms of embrace,
To Beauty's prefer the rude joys of the chace,
So savage a practice no more you'll approve,
When once you have practis'd *a Lesson of Love.*

At Midnight, ye *Topers*, when bump'ring your toast,
Be careful of who, and to whom 'tis you boast;
If the tythe of those joys you pretend ye cou'd prove,
Wine wou'd not have power to wean you from *Love.*

Ye *Soldiers* who rush thro' the rough-work of war,
As Statesmen may scheme, or as Sovereigns jarr,
Engagements more glorious at home ye may prove,
So set up your standards and list under *Love*.

Ye *Busy* in traffick, whose Cent. per Cent. lives,
Can estimate justly all worth—but your *Wives*;
While th' Interests of Trade you so anxious improve,
You neglect *their* demands and are bankrupts to *Love*.

The Life of a Man is Inquietude's reign,
Care, dullness, fatigue, disappointment, and pain;
But clasp the fond Female, those ills she'll remove,
Such Witchcraft has Woman, such Magic is *Love*.

SONG THE LAST;

OR,

EPILOGUE.

TUNE.—LAURA'S SONG IN THE CHAPLET.

THE *Wits* were wont, in ancient times,
To estimate their Age by Rhimes,
A Ballad was their Schooling;
We Moderns may, perhaps be wrong,
If not *likewise*, *also* a Song
May fit us for our *Fooling*.

Imprimis, there's the *Men of State*,
But, hold! I'll let alone the *Great*,
Lest I shou'd gain a Schooling,
For *Greatness* was not form'd for sport,
Tho' some folks *greatly* make their Court,
By *greatly*, *greatly Fooling*.

We play the *Fool*, we act the *wise*,
We bare-fac'd walk, or wear disguise,
As *Hopes* and *Fears* are *ruling*;
And yet, with all our deep-laid wiles,
From *John o' Nokes* to *Tom o' Stiles*.
What is it all but *Fooling?*

If Men will think, if Men will see,
That all this *To*,—or *not to be*,
Is as we're hot, or cooling;
To-day on Expectation's wing,
To-morrow off, *'tis not the Thing*,
What is the Thing?—*why Fooling*.

Fool on, Fool on, for Life at best,
Is but half-bred, 'twixt Cry and Jest,
As *Chance*, not *Reason's* ruling;
To *Chance* we owe our Rights and Wrongs,
To CHANCE I dedicate these Songs,
A Ballad-Maker's Fooling.

G. A. S.

THE END.

J. CUNDEE, PRINTER, IVY-LANE.

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